Notes
CSB

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE CONGREGATION OF PRIESTS OF SAINT BASIL — COLLECTED BY ROBERT JOSEPH SCOLLARD, CSB.

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ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE
ARCHIVES

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1963

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June 15, 1943

Your Excellency, Right Reverend Monsignori, Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers, My Dear Brethren:

More than two hundred years ago our Eucharistic Lord took up His abode on the shore of this river. For the world historian, two hundred years is not a very long period. But for the people who live during that time, it is filled with events of great importance, events that are easily forgotten and are not forgotten without loss. That is why Holy Mother the Church recommends that we stop from time to time to refresh our memories and live over again events that are gone but which often influence our lives more than we realize.

The first part of the story belongs to the Jesuit Fathers and that is why we welcome in a special manner today the

representative of that great Order. They came with the soldiers of France but with a purpose that was different and which often clashed with that of the military leaders. These had come mainly for gain for themselves and their king. The missionaries were not seeking wealth nor earthly honour. They had come to give and to serve. For Cadillac the Indian was mainly someone to be used to accomplish his plan; for the Jesuit he was an immortal soul to be saved for eternal life. The Indian's character has not changed a great deal. He was, as he still is, very much like a child that could be easily led, and easily duped; he could not be trusted far from the guiding hand. Hence the frequent and bitter quarrels between the governor and Father Armand de la Richardie, the ablest and

one of the noblest of all these missionaries. He was an exceptional apostle and, after a few years, he succeeded in converting the entire tribe of Wyandottes among whom he lived. In 1728 a group of these Indians crossed from Detroit and settled here on the Pointe de Montréal. Here they remained except for a period of six years which they spent on Bois Blanc Island. Their spiritual guide was now another remarkable Jesuit, Father Potier. Till then the Mission had been reserved to the Indians. Now French settlers began to arrive in such numbers that they could not conveniently be served from the mother parish, Ste. Anne de Detroit. So a new parish was formed and has continued till this day. It was served at various times by Sulpicians and diocesan priests, one of whom, Father

Angus MacDonell, began the construction of the present church in the early thirties of the last century. In 1843 the newly appointed Bishop Power of Toronto brought back the Jesuits to the scene of their earlier labour and it was they who completed the church, except for the tower and sanctuary which were added by the Basilian Fathers in 1874. From 1859 till 1869 this was the Cathedral Church of the diocese. When the See was moved to London, Bishop Walsh invited the Basilian Fathers under Father O'Connor to take charge of both the parish and the College. They have been here ever since and the names of Father Aboulin, the first Basilian pastor, of Father Semande and Father Coté are familiar to many of you. After that we are among our own contemporaries, Father Burns,

Father Allor, and the present pastor, Father Beuglet.

What is a church? First of all it is a material structure, like any other building, intended to shelter from the weather man and his possessions. But man is not only a body, he is a soul, too, and more soul than body. So in his dwelling, his civic buildings, his schools and churches, he instinctively tries to express his memories, his ideals, the longings of his spiritual nature. Not by words alone can man express himself. That he can also do by means of harmonious sounds and colours, and finely sculptured forms. With the possible exception of poetry, there is no art where he can express himself so adequately as architecture. So this church which now begins its second century was built by men who sought to put

into it their very soul. And something more; for man cannot separate himself entirely from his past, nor can he help looking to the future. Towering over their village they raised this lofty steeple to hold aloft like a gigantic arm the cross on which their Saviour died to save them. When they entered the church, they found the altar, for the God who died for them wants to abide with them forever by the wondrous invention of the sacrament of His love. The pulpit from which I am speaking reminded them of Rome where they found an unfailing and infallible guide of truth. The broken arch would tell them of their kinship with the Middle Ages, the times that saw the rearing of those mighty cathedrals that still arouse our wonder and our admiration. As to the future: when it was built, there was no church

this side of Montreal that could compare with it for size and magnificence. And it still compares quite favorably with so many newer and costlier structures. In these hundred years, it has seen the virgin forest creep away; roads have been built; means of communication and transportation established; the population has increased beyond the wildest dreams even of our grandfathers. In a territory where it stood alone, hundreds of churches and chapels have risen to continue the work that began in this spot. And through all this it has been exercising its benevolent influence, quiet and deep; an influence that was not always understood nor always welcome, even considered importunate at times, but keeping quietly on its way with the solid assurance of one who, possessing truth, has no reason

to be disturbed by changing tastes and fashions, knowing full well that, sooner of later, men will return to sanity and, when they do, they will always find her patiently waiting.

We, the children of this parish, come to this celebration our hearts filled with gratitude, those of us in particular who are old enough to realize to some extent what this old church and all it represents have meant in our lives. When we were children, the Christian wisdom of our parents led us here till maturing reason might see its duty and its privilege. And then we came, not through constraint but because we knew that otherwise something very precious would be taken from our lives. This church and all it stands for have brought into our lives a solid conviction. Its teachings, its sacra-

ments and its holy Sacrifice have bedded firmly in our souls the true meaning and the real value of our lives. Thus have we been preserved from placing too much trust in riches, in social prestige and earthly power. If we are faithful to this heritage, we possess in our very souls a source of strength the world is powerless to shake. Crosses may, crosses will come, material loss, sickness, the death of those we love; nations may be destroyed and empires crumble. Thanks to this church, all this we can face, not without pain and grief, but without despair. Because we know that, no matter how dark the night, sooner or later it must yield to the dawn — and that the sufferings of this life, no matter how grievous, are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come which is prepared

for us, unless we prove faithless to the treasure this church has given us.

So do we hope and pray today that, for centuries to come, the life of this church may continue to flow into the lives of generations that will take our place when we are gone. Intende, prospere procede et regne.

Maintenant, Monseigneur, permettez-moi quelques paroles dans la langue de ceux qui ont bâti cette église. Leurs descendants, comme vous le savez, forment encore une partie notable et non la moins solide de cette paroisse. Les prémiers colons étaient tous Français, venant directement de France ou bien après un sejour plus ou moins prolongé dans le Bas-Canada. Pour la plupart c'étaient d'anciens soldats dont le roi de France

récompensait les services en leur donnant quelques arpents de terre couverte de forêt à mille lieues de leur pays natal. A peine installés sur ce territoire, ils se virent abandonnés de leur mère-patrie, gouvernée en ce moment par des hommes à courte vision, indignes de leur haute fonction. Au lieu de s'abandonner au déspoir, ces colons ont fait preuve tout de suite d'un courage et d'une persévérance si grands, que, loin de disparaître, ils se sont multipliés et se sont établis de plus en plus solidement dans leur nouvelle patrie. Its étaient à peine soixante mille au moment de la cession. Après moins de deux siècles, ils sont aujourd'hui près de cinq millions. Ces hommes avaient le respect et l'amour de la famille et ils avaient une foi intrépide. C'est ce qui leur a permis de résister mieux que leur voisons à la

désintégration de la famille et de la vie familliale, ce fléau destructeur qui menace aujourd'hui l'existence même de tant de peuples.

Ce sont eux qui ont bâti cette magnifique église. Et il faut bien comprendre que, dans ce temps-là, lorsqu'il s'agissait de bâtir une église, ce n'était pas seulement leur argent qui était necessaire. Le temps n'était pas encore venu ou l'on fait appel à un architecte et un entrepreneur se croisant les bras en attendant la livraison de l'église comme d'une espèce de marchandise. A la construction de cette église, les paroissiens de l'Assomption de la Pointe de Montréal ont apporté non seulement l'argent de leur poche mais aussi la travail de leurs bras et l'amour de leur coeur. Ils ont mis une quinzaine d'années à

finir leur oeuvre et c'était bien leur église à tous les sens du mot.

Voilà les gens dont nous sommes les successeurs et les héritiers. A une fête centennaire sont forcément conviées plus de morts que de vivants. C'est le moment de leur témoigner notre reconnaissance. Ce serait peut-être aussi le moment de faire un petit examen de conscience, de nous demander si, de l'autre monde où ils sont aujourd'hui, ils sont aussi contents de nous que nous sommes fiers d'eux. L'usure du temps, les problèmes difficiles de la vie contemporaine n'ont-ils pas porté dans nos âmes une certaine déchéance. Car, dans des conditions si humbles, ces hommes étaient grands, d'une véritable grandeur. Que leur âme repose en paix. Qu'ils obtiennent de Dieu pour

nous, leurs enfants, cette foi et cette noblesse d'âme qui me permet de vous les donner aujourd'hui en exemple.

Il ne me reste plus qu'à remercier son Excellence d'avoir bien voulu prêter à cette fête l'éclat de sa dignité épiscopale, de remercier aussi MM. les membres du clergé et les autres amis qui sont venu offrir au Bon Dieu avec nous ce saint Sacrifice de reconnaissance et de gratitude. Enfin je tiens à remercier le Curé de cette paroisse de m'avoir fait l'insigne honneur de m'inviter à vous addresser la parole aujourd'hui au nom de tous les enfants de la paroisse, les morts aussi bien que les vivants.

(Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript)

May 16, 1942

"And when the morning was come, Jesus stood on the shore ... Simon Peter, when he heard that it was the Lord, girt his coat about him ... and cast himself into the sea." John 21, 4 & 7

The Redemption, the central fact around which history revolves, can be located definitely in history. But this fact was meant to enter the lives not only of those who lived in that day. It is necessary for the success of every human life in every age and country. This fact alone can give a real meaning and a solid purpose to human life. Nor is this merely a matter of memory, of remembering something that happened some 2000 years ago. It is a living relation between a human being and a living God. A success-human life can only be defined as one in which and through which a man moves to-

ward the knowledge and the love of God. It is of this progress that Christ spoke when He said: "No man cometh to the Father but by Me"; "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

The Grace of God works in the depths of the human soul, beyond the ordinary reach of consciousness; but, there are some extraordinary lives where the hand of the Divine Master is revealed very visibly, men whose lives are a gift of God to others; men whom God uses to open to truth eyes that would otherwise be blind. Those who have known Father Cummer will readily agree that his was that kind of life.

Born in Hamilton on December 4th, 1879, he received his primary and secondary school education there. Afterwards he

came to Toronto to attend the Royal College of Dental Surgeons. He graduated in 1902 and it was not long before he began to attract notice. An ordinary good dentist, or professional man of any kind, is anxious to keep in touch with developments in his profession, he will do enough studying to prevent his mentods from becoming obsolete. The exceptional man is not content to watch developments; his interest goes beyond his practice. He wants to join in the search and lead it. This kind of interest soon brought Dr. Cummer back to the school which had trained him. There, during some 27 years he taught Prosthetic Dentistry to most of the dentists who are practicing in Ontario and elsewhere today. I did not know him then but I have spoken with those who did. Even then, it seems,

he was noted for certain natural qualities quite familiar to us who have known him in the close associations of religious life: a generous devotion to duty, a child-like enthusiasm for which the world never ceased to be something wonderful, an almost excessive anxiety to avoid anything that might give pain or even inconvenience, an exquisite politeness that was never found wanting.

It soon became known that there was in the University of Toronto a young professor who was far from ordinary. From every side came invitations to address dental bodies. More than one hundred times he gave lectures in various centres in all parts of Canada and the United States. I have heard him discussed in dental circles in Paris. He lectured in

Rome. The number of his close friends and intimate associates is almost incredible. When it came time to send out invitations for His First Solemn Mass, after the most careful scrutiny, he felt that he could not send less than 1200.

In 1931 the University of Detroit decided to establish a School of Dentistry and invited Dr. Cummer to take up the important task of its organization. In a very short time he commanded the respect and admiration of staff and students as well as of the dental profession in that large city. Just two years later, in the full vigour of his mature scholarship, at the very height of his fame, he resigned his post and applied for admission to St. Basil's Novitiate here on St. Clair Avenue. There he jealously claimed the

lowest place in a group of young men thirty to forty years his junior. The wide circle of his acquaintances and friends was stunned by the news. It was reported in the secular as well as the religious press all over the continent.

They were surprised not only because the even was so unusual but because they did not know the inner drama that had been going on in that man's soul for quite some years; a drama which cannot be adequately related because it is not adequately known. It was in the noon-day of his life that Father Cummer became fully aware of the gigantic shadow of the God-Man lying athwart his path. He has himself spoken publicly of a few incidents in his spiritual Aneid; the

Christmas Crib in St. Mary's Church, in Hamilton; his interest in liturgical music; the priestly ordination of the son of a dentist friend. But these are only incidents, the full story must remain unpublished until God reveals it.

It might be worth noting that the final decision came under circumstances which, humanly speaking, made it most unlikely. We professors are exposed to a peculiar danger. There are few things more absorbing than scholarship. As the world of our specialty unfolds its wonders before our eyes, we are exposed to the danger of forgetting the very existence of things sometimes much more important that lie beyond our field. Dr. Cummer's keen interest in his profession sometimes made him forget to go home from the University. Not infrequently the

early morning hours would find him in his laboratory entirely absorbed in his experiment. But there was in Dr. Cummer a genuine humility which saved him from the blindness which so often accompanies specialization. "And when morning was come, Jesus stood on the shore." Like the Prince of the Apostles, Father Cummer, "cast himself into the sea" as the quickest way of reaching the Lord Who was inviting him. There were difficulties to be faced, many and heartbreaking: the estrangement of loved ones who would not understand, the thinning circle of associates, friendships that would turn to hate. To all these difficulties there could be but one answer: Incarnate truth was calling and he could not choose but go.

The year 1917 opened a new epoch in his life. In glowing terms he used to speak to us of his appreciation of what God had done for him. As often happens he felt a depth of gratitude not always found among those who have enjoyed the same privilege from childhood. The gift that he had received seemed to him so beautiful and so absolutely essential that he could not rest till he had done everything in his power that those whom he knew and loved might know it and open their lives to its influence. His schemes were endless and all tended to a single purpose: How could Christ be brought into the lives of the greatest number.

Outside his profession, I have seldmo met a man who was more impractical. I

offer it as a tribute to him. The views of practical men are generally and perhaps necessarily quite limited. His schemes were often unpractical simply because they were gigantic. He was so enraptured by the good to be done that he was inclined to forget the sad discrepancy between our dreams of excellence and the pitiful human means at our disposal. Perhaps he was right. Perhaps if we thought a little less of ourselves and a little more of Him to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth, the word 'impossible' would lose much of its vogue.

And now Father Cummer is gone, as we say. But the word is improper. As you heard a moment ago in the Preface of the Mass, life is changed and not destroyed, changed into a better; the changing for

the changeless, the life that passes for that which abides. And those of you who by this strangely beautiful life have been called to face the problem he once faced, you who perhaps have resisted his gentle influence, must not be surprised if you find him more insistent now that your eyes no longer see him, if you find him more eager to lead you to Him Who alone is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

(Transcribed from the copy in the General Archives)

December 7, 1955

"Now this is eternal life: that they may know Three, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou has sent."
From Christ's Discourse to His apostles after the Last Supper.

We are met this morning to pray the Mass before bearing the body of our dear confrere to its last resting-place. We do not regard our prayer today as anything extraordinary. It is wonderful in itself, of course, because it is the Holy Mass. It is the continued sacrifice of Our Lord Jesus Himself. But it is the same Mass which we have attended as far back as we can remember. It is our customary and accustomed prayer. It is unique today in that it is said for Father Vahey's burial. But it will also, we sincerely hope, be said for our burial too. In a very real

sense we accept the fact of death and Christian burial as part of normal experience.

There is, of course, a certain natural grief felt by those who have been close to Father Vahey. His mother and close relatives have cause for more poignant grief because he was so much a part of their intimate family life. To them do I express my sincerest sympathy in their personal loss. For us who are his friends and confreres, there is some sadness in our heart because we have to give him up for a time. There is some sadness, too, in that with him we bury a certain part of ourselves. But there is no essential sadness because we know deep within ourselves that death for him and us but terminates life in time. It

has no destructive powers over the immortal soul.

There is, besides, a peculiar intimacy among genuine Christians and Catholics which prevents the living and the dead from getting very far apart. All of us, living and dead, are members of Christ's Body. It is not our bodily life that chiefly binds us together. It is our life in Him. The prayer, "I know that my Redeemer liveth", is valid for us all. This tends to make us take the death of the body for granted. In a religious community we are particularly undisturbed by death. The names of all our confreres are always about us. One takes up where another leaves off. Hodie mihi, cras tibi. Can any Basilian walk ten times a day through the front

door of the old college building without reflecting occasionally on how penetrating an influence its builder, Father Soulerin, is exerting upon him? Will Father Teefy or Father Carr (how readily the names of dead and living come to mind together!) not still be among us while the university federation which the one sought and the other executed continues to sway the whole course of our lives? And so many others, Father Meader, McGahey, O'Brien, can they ever fully withdraw from our consciousness? One and all they have helped to shape forever our common way of life.

Now Father Vahey is with them too. He was not a Soulerin, a Teefy or a Meader. He constructed no buildings, planned no university federations. But he had his

role in fashioning our way of life and in creating our traditions. How well he knew how to weave together the delicate threads of seconds, minutes, hours, of variegated subject matters, of human tensions into the golden cloth of classroom lectures. It will be a long time before the influence of his dynamic teaching, with all its characteristic mannerisms will cease to be felt in our many schools. Many of you will recall, as I do, your initiation into the work of Virgil. It wasn't just a matter of knowing why the first line could only be rendered, "Arms and the man, I sing," or of learning to recognize the great epic similes, or of understanding how poor Dido stood between Aeneas and his goal. It was a question, too, of matching the indomitable enthusiasms of the

master; of pursuing the vagaries of his mind in the experience of classical art; of following his sometimes frantic efforts "to make you see". Great students are said to be born not made. But if they have ever been made, then Father Vahey made them.

Thomas James Vahey was born in Youngstown, Ohio, in 1898, eldest son of William H. Vahey and Mary Burns. He attended high school, first in Youngstown, then at Assumption College. On August 10, 1918, he made his profession in the Basilian Novitiate with eight other young men of whom now only three, Father Lowrey, Father LeBel, Father Vincent Kennedy, are living. While a scholastic, he studied classics in the University of Toronto, graduating B.A. in 1924,

M.A. in 1925. In 1925 he was ordained to the holy priesthood by Archbishop O'Brien of Kingston. From 1925 until Friday last he taught in Basilian high schools and colleges in Canada and the United States. Most of his years, however, have been passed here at St. Michael's where he is so well known and so deeply loved by students and fellow-priests.

Speaking for the priests of St. Michael's College, and with an eye to those things which are ultimately most important, I should like to provide you with a few insights into the true character of this most unusual priest.

Question any one of us among whom Father Vahey died on his most characteristic quality, and we will all come up with

the same answer — strong priestly faith. Not only had he explicit and immoveable confidence in the teachings of Christ and Holy Church, but he put nothing before these things. His faith was strong. Anything Father Vahey was, he was in a firm, even violent degree. In the case of his faith this was a wonderful blessing — for "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away." He loved anything and everything that pertained to the Church. For some three years now he has been chaplain to the Sisters of the Precious Blood. No man could have been more faithful or more devoted to his charge — though no man could have deprecated his own services more nor have been on the surface more indifferent about the dignity of the assignment. But somehow his divine

faith seemed to find its full expression in his fatherly interest in this cloistered community, in his kindness to sisters in their troubles, in his compassion and deep understanding. He loved to teach, but especially did he love to teach seminarians. He knew that in helping them, he was directly working for the Church of tomorrow. The timetable which he has left behind to be taken on by others, contains many hours, far beyond the line of duty, in special classes for one or more of these young men.

There is no more fitting word (in addition to 'violence') to describe his faith than the theological term of 'simplicity'. He was a simple man, not in the sense that he was without complexity, but in the

Thomistic sense of despising that kind of duplicity through which one appears outwardly different from what one is within. He had the simple faith of his Irish forebearers and it carried him through troubles that would have broken a lesser man.

Father Vahey was a humble man, too, not that there was abjection in his deference to any man, but in the genuine sense that he was quick to recognize the true condition of things. There was no delusion about his own virtues or his own weaknesses. He was always ready to admit that what was good in him was God's doing, what was not good was his own.

The other virtue which those of us who knew him particularly admired was his religious detachment. Honours and poss-

essions had no meaning for him. I don't suppose that there is a person in this church who will slip off into eternity less embarrassed with these things. Almost every material thing at his disposal at the time of his death is with him there in his coffin. I don't say this to evoke your compassion. For this above all he would be the last to thank you.

Father Vahey had known for some time that he was soon going to die. We who lived with him did not fully realize this, though now in retrospect it becomes quite apparent. For some two weeks he had been suffering what he called discomfort and choking sensations, but which now show themselves to have been coronary warnings. He was probably not careful enough about

them. On Friday when he was unable to say Mass because of the pain he was in, he told the priest who replaced him that he was afraid he was getting soft. Though he could not say Mass on Friday morning, he heard Mass and received Holy Communion. He then went on to take his classes as though nothing had happened. Friday evening he went to the hospital. Early Sunday morning he took a violent thrombosis, was anointed and died.

A good priest, such as our Father Vahey certainly was, takes us in thought and spirit to the supreme High Priest, Jesus Christ Himself. And I rather feel that this funeral Mass is the proper time and occasion to call to mind the beautiful seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel containing what is familiarly called

"Christ's sacerdotal prayer". It brings home how deeply and in what way Christ loves His priests and serves in part to explain the moving character of priestly spirituality.

Following the Last Supper, and preceding His Passion, Christ spoke for a long time in discourse with His disciples. At the end of this discourse He gave voice to His beautiful prayer for His apostles, and by extension, for all His priests.

The prayer falls into three distinct parts. In the first part Christ, about to suffer, prays for Himself. In the second part He prays for His apostles and priests. In the third part He prays for the entire Church.

Part I The first and introductory part of the prayer, in which Christ prays for Himself, is dominated by the theme of love. The "Father", a word usually implying a loving attitude to God, is mentioned six times. This part of the prayer refers primarily to the situation in which Christ finds Himself just before His Passion. But it can also be extended to a priest at the end of his life. It points up fidelity to the priesthood and the sacrifice involved in priestly work.

"Father, the hour is come: glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son may glorify Thee. As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He may give eternal life to all whom Thou hast given Him. Now this is eternal life: that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent. I have glorified Thee on earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do. And now glorify Thou Me O Father, with Thyself, with the glory which I had, before the world was, with Thee."

Part II The second part of Jesus' prayer is for His Apostles. It applies throughout to all priests. It focusses upon the Apostles and priests as co-workers with Christ. It points out that their work is in the world, but their hearts are in heaven.

"I have mnifested Thy name to the men whom Thou hast given Me out of the world. Thine they were, and to Me Thou gavest them; and they have kept Thy word. Now they have known all things which Thou hast given Me are from Thee; because the words which Thou gavest Me, I have given to them, and they have received them and have known in very deed that I came out from Thee, and they have believed that Thou didst send Me.

" I pray for them. I pray not for the world, but for them whom Thou hast given Me; because they are Thine. And all things are Thine, and Thine are Mine; and I am glorified in them. And now I am not in the world, and these are in the world, and I come to Thee. Holy Father, keep them in Thy name whom Thou hast given Me; that they may be one as We also are. While I was with them, I kept them in Thy name. Those whom Thou gavest Me have I kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition, that the Scripture may be fulfilled. And now I am come to Thee; and these things I

speak in the world, that they may have My joy filled in themselves. I have given them Thy word, and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world; as I also am not of the world. I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from evil. They are not of the world, as I also am not of the world. Sanctify them in truth. Thy word is truth. As Thou has sent Me into the world, I also have sent them into the world. And for them do I sanctify Myself, that they also may be sanctified in truth."

Part III Jesus extends His prayer from His Apostles and priests to the whole world. He comments on the fact that Christians in general owe their faith to their priests; and also that the reward or glory which comes to priests and to all Christians, comes primarily from God Himself. He also emphatically states that the Church, consisting of priests and people, must be marked by unity — in Christ.

"Not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me; that they all may be one as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. And the glory Thou hast given to Me, I have given to them; that they may be one, as We also are one; I in Thee, and Thou in Me; that they may be made perfect in one; and the world may know that Thou hast sent Me and hast loved Them as Thou hast also loved Me. Father, I will that where I am, they also whom Thou hast given Me may be with Me; that they may see My glory which Thou hast given Me, because Thou hast loved Me before the creation of the world."

The conclusion of the prayer summarizes its dominant ideas: the unbelief of the world, the faith of Christians, God's love of Christ and all men:

"Just Father, the world hath not known Thee. But I have known Thee; and these (i.e. apostles and priests) have known that Thou hast sent Me. And I have made known Thy name to them, and will make it known; that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, and I in them."

Father Vahey, and all good priests, and all good Christians, are so because the love of God the Father for the Son is in them too.

(Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript)

September 14, 1956

Laudemus viros gloriosos et parentes
nostros in generatione sua.
Memor esto congregationis tuae.
Quem possedisti ab initio.

"Speak we now in honour of famous men
that were our fathers, long ago."

"Be mindful of Thy flock, O Lord, which
has been Thine from its beginning."

These texts are taken from the evening prayers of the Basilian Fathers; the first of them appears originally in Ecclesiasticus 44: 1, the second is a traditional formula of the Church. They seem to lend themselves with particular propriety to an occasion like this when, with a Solemn Mass of Requiem, we turn our thoughts to the priests and parishioners who have been here before us and who deserve our invocation to Almighty God to bless them in eternity. Let us spend a few moments recalling the life

and times of our illustrious ancestors.

On Sunday, September 14, 1856, one hundred years ago today, a stirring and momentous event took place in this historice church of St. Basil. The first Holy Mass to be said within these walls was offered by the Basilian Superior and Pastor, the Reverend J.M. Soulerin. The Church was not yet completely finished, but a large congregation gathered from the surrounding countryside and the city to the south and joined the priests and students in a moving act of public worship. The sermon for the occasion was preached by Father Patrick Molony, native of Killaloe, Ireland and first Basilian priest to come to Toronto. Father Molony's words gave expression to the deep gratitude of all present that God had so blessed His people in

Toronto that their houses of worship were beginning to multiply. The first Catholic church in the city, St. Paul's, had only been opened in 1826. It was followed, after a lapse of a few years, by two others, St. Michael's Cathedral in 1848, and St. Mary's in 1852. Now in 1856, only thirty years from the building of St. Paul's, Toronto's fourth parish church, St. Basil's was being put to the service of the Lord.

I should like you, for a few moments, to try to forget about the Toronto of today, and to transport yourself in imagination back to the city and parish of one hundred years ago. The city proper lay mostly along the Lake, with the heavy concentration of people located south of Queen Street. Coming north on Yonge

Street towards the new St. Basil's, the citizen of that day found himself pass-through a somewhat wooded area with a few open fields on either side and an occasional cluster of houses. When he reached Carlton Street he could see, off to his right, to the east of Yonge Street, the slowly changing fields of what had been the property of Alexander Wood a dour Scottish bachelor who gave his names to two now well-known streets in that vicinity. To the left, leading towards St. Vincent Street, now Bay, was a driveway to Elmsley ville. Here at Grosvenor and St. Vincent Street stood Elmsley Villa, a large residence built by Toronto's most prominent Catholic, Captain John Elmsley. Elmsley Villa was one of three major buildings on the Elmsley property. The other two

were Clover Hill, which stood south east of the Church and College, facing down St. Vincent Street; and Barnstable near what is now St. Mary Street and the site of the present Elmsley House on the College campus. It was on a part of this large estate, on lots donated by John Elmsley, that St. Basil's Church was erected in 1855-1856 and here it still stands.

The parish church was thus placed in a country setting, with its congregation of fifty families located between Carlton Street and Hogg's Hollow. Most of the parish was open country, but there were tiny settlements on the Sandhill, east of Yonge, at Castle Frank, in Yorkville, to the north of the concession road named after Joseph Bloor, in Rosedale, at Don Mills and Hogg's Hollow.

The earliest parishioners, those of 1856-1865, were, with one or two exceptions, and notably John Elmsley, recent immigrants from Ireland or from Pennsylvania. They owned small farms or worked as labourers or domestics in a rapidly growing and predominatly Protestant Toronto. The earliest registers reveal their names; of the first twenty marriages entered in the register, thirty-four of the forty young people gave Ireland as their birthplace: the first entry, for example, is John Kuark, Hogg's Hollow, born County Kilkenny, married Bridget Miller, Hogg's Hollow, born in Drum, near Templemore, County Tipperary; the second entry: Denis Keating, born County Limerick married Mary Garigan, born County Westmeath, so it goes Michael Curran—Mary Coffin, Cornelius Scanlon—

Bridget Maloney; Edward Tighe—Mary Connell. The Baptisms tell a similar story: Elizabeth Cavanagh, Thomas Doran, John Maguire, Patrick McCann. One entry in April 1858 shows the six children of Henry Levick and Catherine Breen, and records no doubt the pioneer conditions which isolated many a Catholic from the ministry of their limited clergy.

There were, of course, some who were not Irish. There was Peter Jones from Lancastershire, and Joseph Bernier from Quebec. But Peter married a Mary McLaughlin from County Tyrone, and Joseph took to wife a Marguerite Madden from County Mayo. There were Lindters, Schmidts, and Schipmans from Germany. There is one early entry from Scotland. Only rarely, in the first few years does a marriage take place in which either of

the parties gives Toronto as the place of birth. These first parishioners of St. Basil's were, for the most part, a displaced people seeking a new life in a new land.

How interesting it is, in this particular day, when new Canadians are establishing themselves in this Province, and in this very parish, to examine the comparable records of the new Canadians of a century ago. How the thrill of recognition and the throb of sympathy must be aroused. And what joy, too, is to be found and what hope when we reflect that this vigour and life of the Church in Canada sprang from the 'joie de vivre' of the newly-arrived immigrant.

The outstanding exception to the story of Irish immigration and primitive poverty

is the case of John Elmsley. He was the son of Chief Justice Elmsley, one of Toronto's most prosperous and prominent figures. Chief Justice Elmsley was of English birth and came to Canada in 1796 when he was appointed to succeed the Hon. William Osgoode, the first Chief Justice of Upper Canada. His son Captain John Elmsley caused a great stir in Toronto in 1834 when he became a convert to the Catholic Church. From 1834 until his death in 1864, a span of nearly thirty years, he labored day in and day out for Holy Mother the Church. No one played a greater role in church building, in establishing Catholic schools, in founding Toronto's first Catholic College, in charitable activity of every kind, and in promoting as best he could a deeply sincere and intellectual Cath-

olicism. He, more than any other individual person, was responsible for the founding of St. Basil's. It was fitting, indeed, that when he died in 1864, his body should be placed in the crypt of the Cathedral which owed its very consecration to his personal bond for half the building debt, but that his heart should be placed here in St. Basil's literally within a stone's throw of his cherished family homestead.

The Elmsleys were not, of course, the only Catholics of means in Toronto. There were, for example, the Baby's, the Lynn's, the Mulvey's and so on. But few were to be found within the confines of the new St. Basil's Parish in the years immediately following its opening.

As the years rolled by, the parish and its people changed considerably. In 1880 St. Basil's was a thriving parish, the spiritual home of many families from every walk of life. During the pastorate of Father Brennan it achieved a pre-eminent position in the city, and was one of the most distinguished Catholic centres in Canada. There is no time, nor any need, of my describing these days for you. They are beautifully presented in the souvenir history of the Parish prepared by Father Ruth and Father Madden. There is, however, in Robertson's Land makrs of Toronto an account of Vespers in St. Basil's, March 1886, which may recall vividly to some of you the traditional spiritual and liturgical life of the Parish. The Telegram reporter

responsible for the article was not a Catholic and so we must forgive the occasional ineptitude. Moreover, in the manner of the time, he wrote with extravagant flamboyance. However, he does give us a chance to observe the kind of influence exerted by this parish on the citizenry of Toronto.

"In a quiet corner of that capacious section of the church a fine opportunity was afforded to take note of the vesper service on that Sunday evening, in March, 1886. The church was not yet fully lighted; only here and there a solitary gleam fell athwart some life-like statue, bringing it out in startling contrast with the surrounding gloom; far away the white altar loomed out of the darkness in indistinct shape, while before the tabernacle of its indwelling God the perpetual fire paid homage to the Perpetual Presence. Silently and reverently the people entered and with bent knee and sacred sign paid their homage to the altar's enshrinement. In the dim distance, beyond an archway, a robed priest hurried along, or some sanctuary singer rapidly passed by, the white surplice showing more clearly against the black cassock. Far away the

sound of a bell is heard; its echoes roll along the corridors of the college as the first signal to the students. A church official rapidly passes along the aisles, lighting one chandelier after another, until a flood of brilliancy is poured over the kneeling worshippers and brilliantly reflected from the beautiful pictures of the "stations of the cross"; an acolyte, with lighted taper, illumines the sanctuary, and all the dark lines and the mystic shadows disappear far up among the arches and timbers of the roof, where they cluster in uncertain shapes. The bright sconces of the altar and all its gilt lines glitter and glisten against the white panels and arches until every pinnacle and ornament and crucifix stands out in beauty and clearness; more people rapidly, but silently, enter; again the bell peals out its last signal, and now troops of white-robed choristers hasten along the archway; Father Brennan enters the pulpit; the masters of the college take their places in the sanctuary; the students file into the pews assigned them on either side; two torch-bearers enter from the vestry, followed by 24 choristers and the officiating priests; the entire congregation kneels while the rosary is said — and all this was notices as an introduction to the vesper service proper...

"The entire service was in Latin except the prayers said by the people and priest when the rosary, or prayer to the Virgin, was said.

"The officiating priest was Rev. Father L. Cherrier; the sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Hours. There are eleven priests connected with St. Basil's Community, so that the congregation has the privilege of hearing a different preacher each Sunday. Father Hours is a very deliberate preacher, almost painfully so; his foreign accent, necessitates slow delivery of English, but he is readily understood for all that. His sermon was a plain practical discourse on the sin of swearing, and contained, among others, the following expressions:

"We should never speak the name of God idly and incosiderately, and on any trivial occasion. When our good requires it and when the authority of the law requires it then only is it lawful to swear by the name of God.

"There are three conditions of an oath, truth, justice and judgment; these make it lawful, these wanting make it wrong.

"Those who join secret societies and take a promissory oath do wrong, and they are guilty as long as they continue therein.

"Those are not excused from all sin who from habit swear for want of judgment or prudence.

"We should always pronounce the name of God with devotion and piety, and should have it on our lips only in prayer, praise and thanksgiving.

"The sermon was twenty-five minutes in length, and received the careful attention of the large audience that was present."

Then comes a passage devoted to St. Basil's famous choir:

"St. Basil's choir numbers twenty-five voices and the instructor has certainly developed them to fine purpose. The organist is Rev. Father E. Murray, and he manipulates the instrument with grace and skill. Miss Bolster is the leading soprano, Misses Nichol and Ormsby the alto, Messrs. H.D. Kelly, bass, and J.F. Kirk, tenor. The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, as it is called, is the most interesting and impressive part of a vesper service. The altar is additionally lighted so that it becomes a mass of brilliancy; the entire congregation kneels; the choristers and priests quietly and solemnly bow before the tabernacle wherein rests the consecrated Body. Then the choir sang Rossini's "Salutaris", followed by Goeb's "Tantum ergo", and they were exquisitely rendered, the singing of Father Chalandard and Mr. Kirk being especially fine. The quartette was sung in purity and with a blending and shading of the voices that was delightful to the ear and certainly inspired a worshipful spirit with holier emotions. Then all was silent while the officiating priest, with a richly-ornamented stole thrown over his shoulders rose and approaching the altar bowed and took from the recess or "tabernacle" the

"host" which he seized — not with the bare hands but with the stole wrapped about them — and slowly and reverently raised three times, a bell meanwhile being struck to ensure the low bowing of every head in adoration. It was then replaced in the tabernacle which is kept securely locked."

And so ends that vesper service, one not unlike the many carried on right up into the 1920's.

At first, in 1855, only a small portion of the present church was built. In 1876 an addition was made to the northern end, and another addition to the southern end was completed.

"The building is of brick with stone dressing, of the early English Gothic style, measuring 150 x 50 feet, with a height of 50 feet to the ridge. The principal entrance, a very handsome one, is through the tower at the south-east corner reached by a ciruclar walk, and drive, from St. Joseph Street. This entrance is through a cut stone door-way,

whose arch is supported by granite pillares; the tower above it is of pressed brick, and will, when finished, contain a slated spire, 150 feet high to the top of the cross, in which will be placed a fine bell. The southern addition to the church was built according to plans and drawings prepared by Architect Albert A. Post, agraduate of St. Michael's, and now a resident of Whitby. Mr. Post has given his Alma Mater a beautiful specimen of workmanship in the graceful outlines and convenient arrangements of St. Basil's."

Finally comes a word on the great bell in the parish tower:

"In 1891 Rev. L. Brennan was re-appointed parish priest, and for three years, the parish continued to give financial aid to the new parish of the Holy Rosary and St. Basil's Novitiate, established just outside the city limits. In the Fall of 1895 the parish priest proposed to the congregation that a bell should be purchased for the tower of their church. The amount necessary was subscribed in a fortnight, and the new bell, blessed by the Bishop of London December 8th, 1895. It is one of the finest bells of its size in the Province. It weighs considerably over two tons. The ringing of the Angelus at the early hour of 6 a.m. so disturbed some of the neighbours that at

their request the bell is now only tolled in the morning. St. Basil's Church may be regarded as one of the most completely equipped churches in the city."

During the fifty years between 1870 and 1920 St. Basil's was essentially a family parish. As the Telegram reporter called attention to its liturgical life, so do the histories of the numerous parochial societies remind us of its ceaseless social and spiritual activity. Nowhere in Ontario were there stronger and more active branches of laymen's organizations for the advancement of Christian living. A Directory of St. Basil's parish for 1907 lists the following societies with their executive officers:

"League of the Sacred Heart, Mrs. Roesler, pres., Miss Baillie, sec.; Junior League, Miss Durkin, pres., Miss O'Malley, sec.; Boys' League, V. Brown, pres., P. Duggan, sec.; Holy Names Society, R. Elmsley, pres. W. O'Connor, sec.;

Sodality of BVM, Miss Charlebois, pres., Miss O'Malley, sec.; Altar Society, Miss Rooney, pres., Miss G. Elmsley, sec.; St. Vincent de Paul Society, H.T. Kelly, pres., Will Moylan, sec.; Ladies Sewing Society, Mrs. Foy, pres., Miss Hoskin, sec.; Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, Mr. McFadden, pres; Miss O'Connor, sec."

In addition to these nine organizations, there were Propagation of the Faith, Holy Childhood, Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, Catholic Order of Foresters, and the Students' Union. The longest established of all these societies is the St. Vincent de Paul and even to think of it recalls such names as Dan Miller, J.J. Seitz, Will Moylan.

This brings me to comment with some vehemence on the sterling character of the Toronto Catholics who laid the foundations of the Faith which is ours today. It is an easy thing to make light of Toronto

and to dismiss its Catholicity as rather insignificant. After all it has been from its beginnings a predominantly Protestant city, and Catholics at no time formed either the most prosperous or the most influential group. But for this very reason, Catholicism in Toronto during the last centry was a genuine thing. Catholics here were Catholic because they wanted to be, and their religion ran very deeply indeed. Poverty, ridicule, discrimination even, but above all lack of preferred opportunity of any kind, taught them over several generations that it was sacrifice and not political manoeuvring or show of strength which best advanced the cause of Holy Church, and sacrifice they always gladly and courageously made. When we consider

the fact that a mere eight or nine thousand Catholics built four churches in thirty years, and that one of those churches was the present cathedral on Bond Street with its quiet beauty and expansive proportions, we cannot but admire both their love of God and their dauntless courage. It was this spirit that dominated the people of Saint Basil's and inspired them with the will and daring to convert this section of Toronto into a Christian and cultural oasis. It was this spirit too which they and their children took with them when the city moved "en masse" to the suburbs, and by which they built up one new parish after another, imparting always to the new the moving faith which had characterized the old.

If great praise can thus be given, as indeed it can, to the generations of parishioners of St. Basil's, so too can it be granted to the priests who have labored here for the salvation of souls. The first two pastors, Father Soulerin and Father Vincent, were also Superiors of St. Michael's College. They were native Frenchmen who gave their best years to the Church in Toronto. Both were men of unusual talents and in the twenty-four years of their combined pastorates succeeded in imparting to their parish something of their own rich cultural inheritance. They were ably supported in this work by the Irish eloquence of Fathers Molony and Flannery, and by the business head of Father Malbos. We can easily lose sight of the personal sacrifices made by these men. Father Vincent was

an only child who at an early age showed signs of operatic talent. His parents hoped to see him move into the musical circles of Paris. Instead he entered the seminary and even before his ordination was sent on the Toronto mission. Two letters in the College archives tell of one terrible moment of anguish. One is from his mother describing the last anointing of his dying father and pleading with him to return to France. The other is his own letter to his Superior General back in France telling him of the family tragedy, and stating his mother's request, but stating it in a way that assured his Superior that for Father Vincent the General's will was the will of God. As all now know, his flock in Toronto needed him, and with them he

stayed. Because he had given up much himself, Father Vincent was wellequipped to guide a truggling and hard-working people.

The first pastor who was not Superior of the College was Father Brennan. In his two terms as pastor he showed what could be accomplished by the happy marriage of prayer and active zeal. Under him the parish achieved the great stature that has marked it ever since. Some years ago, when the new College Refectory was built, it was given the name of Brennan Hall as a token of the deep bond which has always bound this parish and its college together. Brennan among the priests and Elmsley among the laity seem to have understood in an unusually profound degree the necessary relationship

between the priestly ministry and humane learning. Of the remaining pastors, three (Father Michael Kelly, Father Hayes and Father Player) have passed to their eternal reward and five (Fathers McGuire, Oliver, Forestell, Walsh and Diemer) have moved on to other fields of labour. All of these (and the present pastor, Father Ruth) have made their mark on the parish. They have served it well as priests, as administrators, as shepherds of souls. In the Book of Life it will be recorded to their credit, that one portion of God's great vineyard, the Church, has been generously and faithfully tilled and harvested to His great honour and glory.

Let us, my dear brethren, on this hundredth anniversary of the founding of

the parish, pay fitting tribute to all who have gone before us. Let us pray especially for those who are dead that they may enjoy forever the eternal sleep of the just. They have created this parish, they have fashioned its life, they have given us the external means of our salvation. Every one of them, priest or layman, good or bad, has in some way conditioned our spiritual existence. In the Mystical Body of Christ they have some special contiguity with us, tenuous as it may often seem. Their regularity at this communion rail, their attentive regard for the laws of Christ and the Church, their loves, their hates, their sins, their virtues are woven into the texture of the cloth of our Christianity. We must pray for them as sincerely as we

pray for ourselves. Like them, too, we shall in our turn move on into eternity and back into history. Like them we shall help to weave the cloth of life for other men in another age. Like them we shall hope to have the respect and the prayers of those who come behind. May God grant that we in our day prove as useful to Gcd's Holy Church as those stalwart men and women whom we are remembering this evening. "May their souls, and all the souls of the faithful departed, rest in preace. Amen."

(Trasncribed from the preacher's manuscript.)

d. February 22, 1949

"The heart of man is restless till it rests in Thee O God." (Confessions of St. Augustine.

The stern grim fact of death has brought us together today. Death has laid its icy grip on one whom we love and shocked us out of our complacency. We have been jerked out of our daily groove and dragged to church on a week day. Not only has this sudden death disturbed our daily pattern of place and time but it has deliberately forced into our minds a vivid burning truth. "It is appointed unto all men once to die." What is an accomplished fact for Father O'Brien will be sooner or later an accomplished fact for us all. This unexpected event is a grace of God for each of us; it starts us again to the inevitable question: "What does it profit a man to

gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?" If we have been too worldly, if our usual gaze has been fixed on filling our barns with grain and gain we, by the fact of death to one dear to us hear in our hearts, "Thou fool this day shall thy soul be demanded of thee." A Christian who is aware of the four last things — Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell — builds his life for the city of God for here there is no abiding city. Death to the good Christian is not hateful nor a curse but the supreme grace of God which opens the portals of eternity and admits the good and faithful servant to the side of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost; he takes his place in the mansion of the blessed where angels attend him, where saints are his companions, where Our Lady is Queen.

Father Austin O'Brien whose sudden passing has brought us to pray for his dear soul came as you know from Peterborough. His parents were God fearing and God loving; in a sense they were an ideal Catholic father and mother. Mr. O'Brien was a just man and his dear wife was kind, cheerful and merciful. These sterling traits they passed on to their seven children. Father O'Brien has more friends than any one I know. Just to have been in his company for any length of time was to love him. He was constantly bubbling over with merriment and friendliness. You laughed with him for he had a most subtle sense of humor. His wit was sharp, quick and ready, and his laughter delightful; he could see the ridiculous side by side with the serious and he could point out the incongruous

quickly, readily and memorably. More than this Father O'Brien was a colorful person; there was something electric in him which sparked any company he came into. The tempo of conversation suddenly quickened with his introduction. In athletics he was dramatic; if he stopped a puck, hit a baseball, or ran the ends, his performance excited and delighted the spectators. Countless students and potential athletes imitated his stance or copied his manner.

In addition to his rolicking fun and running, musical laughter he possessed a most sympathetic and understanding heart. He obliged others to the point of hurting himself. No inconvenience, no personal cost interfered with his generous, lavish, selfless assistance. He helped the poor and never embarrassed

them; he comforted the sick, the weary, the discouraged. He put himself out for others because he got joy out of it, because he hated pain and strove to diminish it in the ones he loved. Surely he was a happy man and people loved him for the joy he gave. Those who knew Father O'Brien well, knew what many did not, — his life long suffering which he so bravely concealed; his external joy, his ready wit, his contagious laugh, his ready sympathy, his deep interest in others — all hit his own splitting headaches, his excruciating sinus pains, his eye malady, his excessive nervousness, and his aching weary body. Surely if we all knew how these aching bodily ailments, this torture the poor man endured and which increased during the last few years in a

rising crescendo we could not wish him back. His pain was not only physcial. Mentally he suffered. He could not bear to be shut in; and to be confined began to irritate his nerves more and more. This was real suffering. Nor was his anguish merely physical and mental. It was spiritual and therefore more bitter. In a sense Father O'Brien was a perfectionist; he insisted on a clean soul. He knew his weaknesses and his failings, but he likewise knew that his strength was from God through the reception of the sacraments. Almost daily he went to Confession; sometimes he received absolution more than once a day because he felt that he had someway sullied the pure service he wished to give his God. Frequently these so-called blemishes on his soul were nothing that others would

ever think to blame themselves for. Still this was a torture for him and I believe that the pain of it was his purgatory. The day of his death was perhaps his worst. He had been back from the hospital two or three days after spending two weeks there; he was very unhappy. He had said Mass for the last time; he had gone to Confession; and it seems to relieve his pent-up fret he had to get out; he was most insistent on this. And realizing the seriousness of Father O'Brien's request, Father Vahey took him for a drive that lasted hours. This calmed him and he fell asleep — something the poor lad needed. Stopping at a friend's home Father Vahey went in to have a sandwich. Father O'Brien refused to go in, but stayed in the car to say his beads. Parenthetically I may

say Father O'Brien's devotion to his rosary was edifying. For years he could not read and daily, therefore, he recited the fifteen decades instead of the Divine Office. And it is a fact that not once since his novitiate days did he forget to say Our Lady's Psalter. How many thousands of times he prayed to her, "Pray for us now and at the hour of our death." Our Lady heard him, I am sure. Finally he did go into the house, but he was not well. He fell asleep on the chesterfield and it was then his spirit took flight. The poor wracked body could stand no more. He was anointed soon after and thus his last day on earth was complete — having received absolution, having offered Mass and having received extreme unction. His sudden death, but not unprovided death, shocked

and pained those who knew and loved him; but surely none of us who appreciate his life of suffering would wish him back to this valley of tears. His happy disposition, was a truly Christian mark, cheering others, encouraging others; his courage was Christ-like.

His friends are legion. This packed Church is evidence of the high regard, the personal affection you had for him. But literally thousands of others in Toronto, Rochester, Windsor, Detroit, Houston, and Owen Sound would be here to pray for his dear soul if it were at all possible. This personality was one of God's noblemen; his priestly ministry has widened God's kingdom; he was chastised because he was loved by God. His faults were many yet all of them on the

surface. There was no malice — no sinful pride — no grim-eyed envy — no sloth. Usually where he was at fault he sinned on the side of excessive solicitude for others. He loved his neighbor certainly. He loved company. He hated to be alone with his vivid awareness of his imperfection. Let us remember to return his kindness to us for our prayers for him.

This is a sad day and yet a glad one. The advent of Father O'Brien to the City of God was a joyful one for him. Not only will he rejoice in seeing God and His saints but he will be welcomed by his dear old mother and dad, by his brothers, Father Mike, Bill and Jim, by his priestly friends Fathers Dillon, Bellisle, Hodgins, McGahey and Sheehan;

by Noe Jubenville, Jim Murphy and countless others.

May I extend our sympathy to the surviving family; to Jack, to Dick, to Gerald, to his beloved and only sister, Sister Emerentia; to the Fathers of Saint Basil and his many priestly friends; to all who knew and loved him. With his patron Saint Augustine let us realize that his blessed and hard life illustrated that the heart of man is restless until it rests in God. Let us look into our own souls and realize that our own restlessness and deep dissastisfaction were implanted there by God our author, and only in Him can we, as Father O'Brien, find our rest.

(Transcribed from the carbon copy in the Geenral Archives)

December 10, 1956

"Behold a great priest who in his days pleased God... The Lord hath sworn and He will not repent. Thou are a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech." (Ecclus. 44, 16, 20)

It is singularly appropriate that the words just quoted should have been said by priests in their Masses throughout the world on the day of Father Timmons' death. To me, they summarize his life. He was a great priest, and in the short span of his life — if it be given to us to judge — he pleased God.

From the human point of view, his early death is a tragedy. To all appearances, he was on the threshold of a great career as a priest, a teacher and an administrator. There is no denying the fact that his death from this world's point of view is a great loss. And yet, today,

he lies before us as mute evidence from God, that life is measured in another way by God. While we are inclined to measure a successful life in terms of activity, of classes taught, of sermons preached, and of the number of students influenced, of buildings erected, and so on, God views things differently.

It is not the doing of great things, of many things, but the doing of God's Will that gives greatness — that produces spiritual success and achievement. Most often, it is only in retrospect that the lives of the saints are seen to be successful, in the accepted sense of the word. In their lifetime they seem to have had only difficulties, they appear never to have had complete success nor to have finished their work — but be-

cause they loved God, they let God finish His work with them.

Ordinary souls, and above all, priests are put through a similar process by God. He asks all of us to imitate His own Son, the Eternal Priest, who sought nothing else than to do the Will of His Heavenly Fathers. Christ submitted always to the circumstances of life as set out for Him by His Heavenly Father. It is in the acceptance of those daily tasks assigned for us by God that our souls are formed in the image of Christ. And, an essential element in the forging of that perfection is the development of the virtue of charity. For it is in the fire of love that the self dissolves. To achieve ourselves, we must humbly adjut ourselves to reality, to the persons with whom we live and to the cir-

cumstances in which we find ourselves. In the words of Christ, "he that would find himself, must first lose himself". We must die to live. When we are judged by God, He will not look only at the things we have done — rather He will look to see what has been done to us throught the doing of those things — in the execution of our daily tasks. He will ask: "Have we always done the Will of Our Heavenly Father?"

This was the story of Christ's life — it must be the story of every priest who is ordained to be, in the midst of men, another Christ — a man of God, a man of love, a man of sacrifice. It is for the priest that we are gathered here today. Were he the greatest man in the world, his priesthood would be the most ...

The biographical points of his life are brief. He was born in New Brunswick, forty-four years ago. He grew up in St. Catharines where he attended the Separate School and the Collegiate Institute. He came to St. Michael's College, first in high school then continued in university graduating with the class of 1935. He entered St. Basil's Novitiate then next to Holy Rosary Church. In 1936-1937 he was at St. Basil's Seminary and the following year he was at Catholic Central High School in Detroit. The year 1938-1939 saw him attending the Ontario College of Education. He was ordained in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, in 1940. His brief priestly life brought him two appointments, Catholic Central High School in Detroit, 1941-1944; and St. Michael's

College School from 1944 onwards. St. Michael's was really his first and greatest love — but this did not exclude his love for the rest of the Community. He was always a religious — a community man.

If we try to describe his life, there are three things that stand out — his love of priests, his love of others, and his outstanding and charitable wit. The priests who are gathered here today from many places are testimony to their regard for him. He was always the center of every gathering — in truth, priests gathered wherever he was. In his illness, he sought the blessing of every priest. While he was the center of things, he was not ostentatious. In fact, he shunned the limelight. His love of priests and

of others was evident in his patience with everyone.

Though tired, he would always entertain till the last person left his room. You never got the impression that you were not wanted. Who has not been the object of his witty remarks? Who has been spared? Like few men, he could make fun with the oldest and the youngest, the most dignified and the most insignificant. But behind the facade of his brilliant wit, which as I have said was always inspired by charity, was a seriousness and piety that very few people got to know. He would not let them know it. In his own humility, he was but a simple priest. How often he made that remark.

It was that simplicity, piety, and above all his singleness of purpose that accounted for the calm in his outward life. It was the secret of his influence with the students. He was a brilliant teacher; he was a strong disciplinarian, but what is rare, he was loved because of his discipline. Students who initially feared him, soon learned that his disciplinary measures were true and just. These last few days have shown how much they loved him.

His piety was quiet; it was for the most part secret. But those who have travelled with him, would recall how he would recite the rosary as soon as the trip began, it was he who said the morning and evening prayers. He always carried the Basilian Vademecum in his pocket. Those of us

who played with him recall how even a game of golf would bring forth expressions in Latin or French pertaining to the religious life, or to the Rule of the Basilian Fathers. To him the mundane and the eternal were intimately related. That is why he could enjoy life.

Father Timmons had a great love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus — on the First Friday of this month of December he received Holy Communion — it was the day of his death.

Father Timmons loved Mary and it was at the First Vespers of her great feast of the Immaculate Conception that he died. In the epistle for that feast we read:

"Blessed is the man that heareth Me and watcheth daily at My gates and waiteth at the posts of my doors. He shall find Me, shall find life and shall have salvation from the Lord."

May we not hope and pray that Mary presented Father Timmons to the Eternal Priest, her Son.

If there is one expression that will always be associated with Father "Joe" it will be this: "Just about the same." In the midst of his severe illness, he would give that famous reply if you made the mistake of asking him how he felt. If we were to question him now in eternity and ask him how things are, I feel that he would reply in the same familiar manner, "Just about the same." With the emphasis on 'just'. I think that he would tell us that the life of grace given to him in baptism is the same — but transformed into unspeakable beauty; the virtue of charity is the same, but how marvelous to see the object of that

love; and the priesthood is eternal — he is still a priest. He would tell us that the words of the Preface of the Mass are fulfilled — life is changed, not taken away.

May this sight of death be a lesson to us that what counts in life is the change that is wrought in us through love.

May he rest eternally in peace.

(Transcribed from the dittoed copy circulated by St. Michael's College School. Page three of this copy is defective and about three lines of the sermon are missing.)

d. December 3, 1958

"The curtain of the temple was torn in two from top to bottom; and the earth quaked, and the rocks were rent."

A brief couple of hours after Father Basil Regan had re-enacted the Calvary Sacrifice, God summoned his soul to Him, certainly a bold demonstration that "we know not the day nor the hour." He died suddenly at St. Joseph's High School, Ottawa, at 9:00 a.m. as a result of a coronary thrombosis attack.

Father Regan was born on February 2, 1912, in Toronto, Ontario. His father was Charles Herbert Regan and his mother Marie A. Knealiss, both of whom had predeceased him. He attended St. Joseph's Parish Separate School, after which he enrolled at St. Michael's College School

for his high school education. Upon completion of his high school course, he entered St. Basil's Novitiate and was professed on September 29, 1930. He obtained his B.A. degree from the University of Toronto and later his Teacher's Certificate from the Ontario College of Education. Cardinal McGuigan raised him to the priesthood in St. Basil's Church on December 18, 1937.

Father Regan was born and brought up in Toronto. His early years were formed by the noble example of saintly parents. A great portion of his adolescent years was spent in St. Joseph's Parish which was guided by Doctor O'Leary who did yeoman service in the Archdiocese of Toronto. The good Sisters of St. Joseph taught Father Regan in the parish school

and he always had many friends in that Community. Also, he had the example of his two older brothers who joined the Basilians before him. However, Father Basil did not use his brothers as any crutch; he stood on his own two feet and carved for himself quite an individual niche in the Community of his choice.

Some might say that Father Regan was a true Torontonian, rather conservative in his ways. Perhaps, it did take some time to pierce his armour, but there are thousands of St. Michael's Old Boys who will vouch for his kindness of heart. He was just in his dealings with students and this, they came to appreciate, even though, at times, they might think him a bit too restraining. "A friend in

need is a friend indeed", and when the chips were down, Father Regan could be relied upon to make the right and just decision.

In his high school days, Father Regan was a good athlete and held down a regular berth on his school's Junior O.H.A. hockey team. Undoubtedly, this was one reason for his interest in the sports programme of St. Michael's. It might be added that St. Michael's reputation in the athletic world is of a high calibre.

Still, athletics, Father Regan knew well, is only a tool to be used in the completed product. St. Michael's College School is an educational institution and he bent his main efforts towards making it the best possible. He

did much to maintain a highly qualified staff. He exerted his influence to guide the students in the best choice of subjects. He kept abreast of the developments in our provincial system of education. It is not too eulogistic to say that the present high standards at St. Michael's College School are due, in no small part, to Father Regan's devotion to sound methods of pedagogy.

The last three months of Father Regan's life revived an almost forgotten side of his character. He was more relaxed in a small school and seemed relieved and happy, free of the heavier responsibilities of former times. The impact he made on the student body, and on the clergy of Ottawa, too, was simply astounding. The grief of the students was

genuine; they had lost a real father and friend. His three months at St. Joseph's High School was the grain of wheat fallen in the ground, and unless it die, itself remaineth alone. But it did die, therefore it must bring forth much fruit.

Father Regan had a way of abbreviating one's name. Can't you just imagine him meeting his former staff men in their new home? "Well, Father Mac and Father Tim, things are 'just about the same' down there."

(Transcribed from the abridged copy in the general archives. The sermon was preached in Holy Rosary Church, Toronto, on Saturday, December 6, 1958, where Father Diemer was then pastor.)

d. July 19, 1957

"I must do the works of Him who sent Me while it is day: the night is coming, when no one can work." (John 9, 4)

Holy Scripture reminds requently that death is inevitable, and warns us that it will come unexpectedly. In spite of these repeated warnings we think little about it, and therefore when we are confronted with it in a Religious Community, where we live on terms of close intimacy, we are profoundly shocked. This is true even if, as is the case among Basilians recently, it is of rather frequent occureence. Father Denomy, whom we mourn today, is the fifth confrere to die at middle age within the course of a single year. His call was especially sudden. If death can be compared to night which inevitably follows the day

of life, Father Denomy's death was like one of those tropical nights which comes on with a rush, with little or no preceding twilight. Nevertheless, it cannot be said that it was entirely unexpected. A recent illness, with a session in the hospital, was something of a warning to him, which, there is reason to believe, was not entirely disregarded. And beyond this recent setback, his health had never been really robust. He often spoke of his uncertain tenure of life, but he never took a gloomy view of the matter, and certainly he never used the excuse of indifferent health to spare himself. He simply aimed to carry on as long as he could, doing the work of Him who sent him whilst the day of life lasted, making plans recently for future work he was never to complete,

or even to begin. God did not need him for this final work, and so He called him home.

It is a sad event for his confreres. It is a sad event for the members of his family, especially for his aged father, to whom our hearts go out in deepest sympathy today; for his sisters also to whom he was an only brother; and for his friends. He was a friendly person, but his deepest friendship was reserved for a few, who were very close to him. Several of these have come a long distance to be present at his funeral today. They have been deeply touched by his sudden death.

Alexander Joseph Denomy was born in Chatham, Ontario, June 21, 1904. His boyhood days were spent in Windsor, where

he made his High School and College studies at Assumption, graduating with his B.A. degree in 1923, when he was 19 years old. The same year he joined the Basilian Fathers, making his Novitiate in Toronto. After his religious profession in August 1924 he returned to Assumption High School as teacher of French for one year, and then took his course in theology at St. Basil's Seminary in Toronto. Ordained to the priesthood on June 30, 1928, he took graduate studies at the University of Toronto, obtaining his M.A. in Romance Languages. After a period of teaching in St. Michael's College School, of which he was the acting Principal for half a year, he resumed his graduate studies at Harvard University, obtaining his doctor's degree with high distinction

in 1934, and winning a Sheldon Travelling Fellowship which enabled him to spend an additional year at the Sorbonne. Returning to Toronto in 1935, he began his life-long connection with the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies, in the growth of which he has played a notable part.

The role of a priest in a parish is generally known and appreciated. The role of a priest in a classroom is also recognized because many of our Catholic schools and colleges are conducted by priests. Even priests dedicated to a life of prayer in contemplative Orders like the Trappists are considered by all as following a true vocation. What is not generally known is that there is a vocation to a life of learning or schol-

arship, and that this may be followed by a priest. In fact according to St. Thomas Aquinas this is the highest vocation. It is a vocation however which many disregard, either through lack of means, or opportunity, or simply through indifference, and thus God is robbed of His due glory.

St. Thomas, of course, does not envisage this vocation to the life of scholarship or learning entirely as separated from a vocation to teach, but rather as a preparation for it. And, of course, he would want some degree of prayer life, and even of pastoral life combined with it.

It is this ideal which is accepted and acted upon by the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies. With a charter

from the Holy See, the Institute is dedicated to research in the civilization of that period which produced St. Thomas Aquinas. He was not the only thinker of the period, but he was the greatest, and the most representative. To understand him we must understand thoroughly the period of time in which he lived and worked. But it is not enough to understand the period of St. Thomas: we must make others understand it. That is why the Institute is interested in publishing its discoveries, and in teaching them to others. Its students do in fact become teachers. More than one hundred of them are now professors in universities all over America.

The civilization which produced St. Thomas is a complex one, with many facets, each of which has a distinct professor in the

Pontifical Institute. There are departments of theology, philosophy, history, law, liturgy, art, and literature. Father Denomy was Professor of Mediaeval Literature. His choice of that subject was determined partly by his undergraduate training, and partly by the direction of his Superiors. The need of a professor of Literature was evident, and he obediently undertook to prepare himself to fill it. His immediate preparation for the work was his course at Harvard University, which he came to love deeply and to reverence as his intellectual home.

It would be superfluous to say that he was a competent, and even a distinguished professor. He moved among scholars as an equal. He was twice the winner of a Guggenheim award of $3,000 for research

projects. He was admitted to membership in the Mediaeval Academy of America, and the Royal Society of Canada. He was the author of books and articles in learned journals. But his most enduring work was done as editor of the Review published annually by the Pontifical Institute. It is called Mediaeval Studies. Begun seventeen years ago as an outlet for the researches of the faculty of the Institute and for mediaevalists in other centers of America and even Europe, its seventeen volumes are to be found in every important library in the world. It is the most important single contribution of the Pontifical Institute to the world of scholarship. And it is the work of Father Denomy. Not that he did it all himself. He was the editor, and not the author of the articles printed,

though he did contribute at least one article to each volume. But everyone familiar with research knows that the success of a research publication depends upon an editor who recognizes scholarship, who has contacts with scholars who will contribute articles, and who has the self-sacrificing, tireless energy to get things done. Mediaeval Studies will be a fitting monument to his memory. In this editorial work, he is simply irreplaceable.

But now his work is done. It is for the world of scholarship to judge it, and what is much more important, it is for the Eternal Judge to evaluate, not the scholarship, but the scholar himself, or shall I say, the man, for death is the great leveller of all distinctions, and those who have been scholars as well as

those who have not been will stand equal before the judgment seat of Christ. At that solemn moment the work itself will not count as much as the love of God which prompted it. After all, a man's work is insignificant in the light of eternity. When St. Thomas Aquinas was given, near the end of his life, a glimpse of the world to come, he refused to complete his unfinished book, which scholars now regard as his masterpiece. He said that it was but straw. Straw it may have been in comparison with the beatific vision, but it is the straw with which scholars have made bricks to rebuild the edifice of Christian thought, and we may be certain that the saint is, even now, not altogether displeased with the work which God enabled him to do on earth.

If Father Denomy could speak again, it is not praise for his work he would ask, but prayers for his soul. He is now more fully aware of the defects in his love for God, more fully aware of the extent to which he failed to work for Him, Who sent him. Our prayers can pierce the night which now envelopes him, and help to make atonement. We have prayed the Mass for him today, and shall continue to give him remembrance in all our Masses without limit of time as is the habit of Religious Communities. You, his relatives, and friends will join us in those prayers.

But his work itself is not without its value, and we shall try to carry it on out of respect for his memory, inspired by his spirit of dedication to a vocation, in following which he sanctified himself

and glorified God.

(Transcribed from the dittoed copy prepared for limited circulation by the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies. This sermon was preached at Father Denomy's funeral in St. Basil's Church, Toronto.)

September 7, 1961

In the prayer of the Mass just offered, the Church asks us to pray in these words: "O God, Who didst raise Thy servant Edward, to the priestly dignity in the apostolic priesthood, grant we beseech Thee, that he may be joined forever more to the fellowship of Thy Saints."

Hardly twenty-six years ago, on December 21st, 1935, Father Edward Blake Coll, whose sudden death has shocked his many friends in this Diocese, knelt before the ordaining bishop and was raised to the priestly dignity in the apostolic priesthood. By the laying on of hands and by the gift of the Holy Ghost, he was made a priest forever, according to the Order of Melchizedek. On his neck

was laid the stole, the emblem of priestly jurisdiction. With the holy oils, his hands were anointed, that blessing, he might henceforth bless and consecrating, he might consecrate and sanctify. In those anointed hands was placed the chalice of benediction and he was empowered to offer Christ's sacrifice for the living and the dead. Into his soul was breathed the power, not given to angels, and to him were spoken the words: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven." Twenty-six years ago, Father Coll was ordained a priest, his soul was adorned with the priestly gifts and he was commissioned to use these gifts on behalf of the souls of men.

To fulfill his priestly commission, Father Coll had entered the Community

of the Priests of St. Basil and had dedicated his great gifts of mind and soul to the high purposes and noble objectives of the Basilian Fathers. Five years after his priestly ordination, he was sent by his Superiors to St. Mary's Boys' High School, Calgary, where for twenty-one years he has accomplished his priestly and teaching mission with extraordinary zeal and outstanding success. Only a few weeks ago, he left us to become a member of the General Council of his Community, for which he had been chosen by his brother priests.

Father Coll labored during practically all his priestly life in this city. It is impossible to measure the contribution he has made to Catholic education in this city and in this province. He not only

administered the school of which he was principal with competence and ability, but for twenty-one years he shaped the minds and influenced for good, the characters of the numerous students who passed under his guidance. He was a source of encouragement and direction to the teachers of all our schools, who fortunately gave public expression of their appreciation shortly before his departure from Calgary. He made himself a recognized authority in High School matters, especially in this Province. He was frequently consulted and was generous and highly capable in response. Indeed it was for this competency in High School work that he was chosen for the General Council of his Community. And in the midst of educational endeavors, he exercised his priestly functions

whenever they were sought in many parishes of the Diocese and in the convents of our religious. His life was one of dedication and sacrifice. Yet this was the life he chose, when his soul was adorned with the gifts of the priesthood, that he might not be faithless to these sacred gifts or false to his priestly trust.

And now, brethren, he has gone to his reward, called by God rather tragically and suddenly. On this sad occasion, I cannot refrain from expressing my deep regret and my sympathy to the Community of the Basilian Fathers, to the priests of this Diocese with whom he has been associated for so long, to the faithful here and throughout the Diocese who were aided by his priestly ministry and es-

pecially to the students of St. Mary's both past and present.

Father Coll has answered the summons of the supreme judge before whom everyone - priest and layman, must render an account of deeds done in this world. I recommend him to your prayers, that God in His mercy will pardon whatever faults he may have committed through human frailty and that being dead to the world, he may live to God. Pray that the rest he has won after his priestly service, may be beneath the everlasting arms and in the light that shall never fail. Pray that he who was raised to the priestly dignity may be joined forevermore to the fellowship of the saints.

(Transcribed from the copy in the general archives. This sermon was preached by Bishop Carroll at a Pontifical Requiem Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, Calgary.)

August 16, 1921

"And the Lord spoke to Moses in Mount Sinai saying: Speak to the children of Israel and say to them; when you shall have entered into the land which I shall give thee, thou shalt number to thee seven weeks of years; that is to say, seven times seven, which shall make forty-nine years; and thou shalt sound the trumpet, and thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year." (Lev. 25; 2, 8, 9, 10)

"And this shall be a memorial to you and you shall keep it a feast to the Lord ... and when thy son shall ask tomorrow saying: What is this? thou shalt answer him: With a strong hand did the Lord bring us forth." (Ex. 13,14)

"And I heard a great voice from the throne saying: Behold the tabernacle of God with men and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people and God Himself with them shall be their God." (Poc. 21, 3)

My Dear Friends:

This day is the feast of the dedication of old St. Mary's-on-the-hill. Fifty years ago this parish was a very small mustard seed, as some of you have lived to tell. Today by the blessing of the

Divine husbandman it is a wide-spreading and lofty tree, and thousands have come and dwelt in its branches, and many more sleep in St. Mary's Cemetery over on yonder hill. They have fought the good fight; they have kept the faith, and under the spreading branches of old St. Mary's they have won the crown of eternal glory.

I fancy myself standing, fifty years ago, on this hill-top overlooking the Sound. In the valley nestles a straggling village which has grown since into the prosperous city of Owen Sound, with its churches, its splendid schools, its many manufacturing and lumber industries, its railroads and shipping. On every hand, far as the ye can see, stand the great unbroken forest of the "Queen's

Bush". In the distance I behold the pioneer with his ox-cart painfully making his way northward; the hardy Scot, the exiled Irishman, poor in worldly wealth but rich in faith and in undaunted courage, seeking in a new world the opportunity denied them in old lands. These pioneers were mean of Faith; they were religious men who believed in God and His Providence.

These grand old pioneers to whom we reverently pay tribute, were men of sacrifice; they were no victims of deception; they understood the hardship of subduing the wilderness; they knew the long struggle with rock and forest; they knew of the weary days and nights of toil to be unrequitted in their own lifetime, but they hoped with an invincible hope for the betterment of their

children, and their hopes were not disappointed, for even before the end came, they beheld the rude difficulties, inevitable in every new country, overcome and splendid farms with fine buildings everywhere rising from the deep forests; and today, you, the children of these mighty men enjoy the splendid fruits of their industry and sacrifice.

The pioneers were sons of Hibernia and Scotia, with the heroice spirit of the invincible Celtic blood in their veins; the blood of a race that has never yielded to oppression or tyranny; the blood of heroes and saints and martyrs in the cause of civil and religious liberty. They were men of strong religious conviction and they lived up to their convictions. They held religious

principles and they made them practical in the worship of the God, Who created them and Who held their destiny in the hollow of His Hand.

For the most part the Scot worshipped in the Auld Presbyterian Kirk at the foot of the hill; we who make jubilee today cannot admit the tenets of his faith; but we judge no man's conscience; that is God's sphere and we ungrudgingly and truthfully pay him reverence. The Scottish pioneers were God fearing honest men, true to their religious opinions and kindly and helpful to their Irish Catholic neighbors.

The Irish were largely Catholic. During the last century, hundreds of thousands of decent law-abiding people went into voluntary or involuntary exile, and

carried to foreign shores their love of the faith and the fatherland, their willingness to work, and their respect for law, which made them valuable accessions to any civilized land. In their struggle for freedom they have died by hundreds of thousands during the stress of fever and famine; other thousands were packed like cattle in fever ships, and sent adrift across the Atlantic to find a grave in the bottom of the sea or die in the fever-sheds of Quebec and Halifax.

These Irish immigrants, ragged and penniless, of whom God forbid we should ever be ashamed, laid the foundation of the great Catholic Church in the blood of three hundred years of martyrs. They built the Kingdom of Heaven in England;

for, the English Catholics would be negligible in numbers were it not for the hundreds of thousands of Irishmen, who have made their homes and kept the faith in England.

They built in Australia, in the United States, and in Canada, they built St. Mary's of Halifax, St. Mary's of Quebec, St. Mary's of Montreal, of Ottawa, St. Mary's of Toronto, St. Mary's of Hamilton, St. Mary's of Owen Sound. Where is the land that boasts not a St. Mary's!

Aye, Blessed Son of Mary, they built well in honor of Thy Holy Mother.

Finding the old St. Mary's, that had been so faithfully served by the apostolic Father Blettner of saintly memory, inadequate to their growing needs of the

congregation, Father Granottier, of holy memory, too, undertook with the amazing audacity of Faith the erection of the new St. Mary's which crowns the hill today. The very bricks in its walls cry aloud to us this morning that they were purchased and laid in the sweat of the brows of those faithful men who lie in the church-yards of the County of Grey, while we make glad jubilee on the fiftieth anniversary of its dedication, and with grateful hearts we rejoice and thank God for the legacy of St. Mary's and the faith handed down to us by these faithful men and women; and we cry aloud in the words ot the canticle of Daniel:

"All ye works of the Lord praise the Lord. Oh ye stars, O ye nights and days, Oh ye sun and moon, Oh ye mountains and hills, Oh ye rocks and forests, Oh ye seas and rivers, bless the Lord, praise and exalt Him forever."

These devoted men feared God and loved His Mother, so they chose for the patroness of their church the name of her who presided over the little home of Nazareth.

Behold the tabernacle of God and men and He will dwell in it amongst them. Their faith taught them that every Catholic Church is another home in Nazareth; that Jesus dwells in it, as truly as He did in His Mother's house.

Let this day, then, the day of the dedication of your first church, be a memorial day to you and you shall keep it as a feast day to the Lord. And when your son shall ask you tomorrow saying: What is this? you shall answer him: With a strong hand did the Lord bring us forth.

What is this? It is well in these days

when the temporal would supplant the eternal, and the natural, the supernatural, that men should feel it incumbent upon them to ask questions upon the supernatural and eternal. It is well that they should express their interest in hearing that eternal salvation consists in knowing the one true God and Jesus Christ Whom He has sent. When thy son, then, shall ask thee: What is this? thou shalt say to him: This is old St. Mary's, which thy fathers with the help of God raised to His honour and glory fifty years ago; with God's help, my son, for unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain who build it.

They built it to be house unto the Lord for Jesus dwells therein; His battle standard, the cross, is cast upon the

breeze high up on its steeple, so that the mariner far out on the waters, and the farmer at his plow and the citizen in the street, may have no misgivings about the purpose of the structure and the nature of the Master of the building over which it stands sentinel.

Tell thy son that on yonder Altar the priest daily offers to God the great mystery of the Faith, the continuation of the sacrifice of Calvary. The daily sacrifice is the fulfilment of the prophecy of the Prophet of Malachy:

"I have no pleasure in you saith the Lord of Hosts and I will not receive a gift from your hand. For from the rising of the sun even to the going down My name is great among the Gentiles and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation."

It was the evening before He suffered

that He took the bread into His Sacred Hands and blessed and said to His apostles: "Take ye and eat: this is My Body. Do this for a commemoration of Me." Likewise He blessed the wine, and said: "Drink ye all of this for this is My Blood. Do this for a commemoration of Me." The Sacrifice of Calvary is offered again. The priest and Victim at the Altar is the priest and Victim of Calvary, not a new sacrifice, but the old sacrifice is renewed by the express command of Him Who sat at the supper table. Jesus, the Son of the Living God, made the offering and gave the imperative order for its continuance asa memorial to Him. What He did, the apostles and their successors were commanded to continue.

On Calvary the High Priest was Christ

and the Victim was Christ. At the supper table the High Priest was Christ and the victim was Christ. There are not two sacrifices, for one priest and one victim constitute but one sacrifice. Our Divine Redeemer desired to leave a memorial of His Passion and He was pleased to leave a memorial such as God alone can. Men leave memorials of photographs or personal belongings; but Jesus left a memorial which is the original. He bequeathed to us the reality of the tragic crisis of His life, the moment when He gave us the supreme evidence of His love. That is the great price paid for our salvation might not be forgotten, in His Divine Wisdom, He decreed that there should be re-enacted daily the sacrifice of the Cross in the sacrifice of the Mass, not for the redemption of the worold,

for that was accomplished on Calvary, but to apply anew the merits of the redemption to the ouls of men.

When the clean oblation of the early morning Mass is offered, Christ, speaking through the priest changes, as He did at the last supper table, the bread into His Sacred Body and the wine into His Sacred Blood. The body and blood are separated and the separation in a living person means death; so as our Redeemer died a real death in blood on Calvary, He dies a mystic death in blood on the altar.

Behold the tabernacle of God with men and He will dwell with them. This is the tabernacle of God wherein He dwells with them. My son, your fathers, builded old St. Mary's to be the home

of Jesus Christ on earth. They did not build this as they built their houses merely to be a protection against inclement weather; nor did they decorate and make it beautiful merely to please the eye or to elevate and inspire a sense of awe and reverence. No! They made it beautiful because it was destined to be a home for Jesus Christ upon earth. He dwells here under the appearance of bread: "This is My Body!" Even as under the appearance of bread He was really present at the supper table, body, blood, human soul and divinity, under the appearance of the bread which Held in His Sacred Hand, so under the appearance of bread there dwells in yonder tabernacle the Jesus of Bethlehem; of Nazareth; of the last supper; of Calvary; and of Heaven.

What is this? My son, that is the Holy Table to which the Divine Host, living in the Tabernacle, invites His chosen guests; the supper table of the great King, of which all may eat who have, in the words of the apostle of the Gentiles, proved themselves and put on the wedding garment, so that they may not eat to themselves damnation. "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, you shall not have life in you." If we eat His flesh and drink Hi blood, according to His promise, we shall have life everlasting. At this sacred table He furnishes us, not with manna from the skies, but with the true bread of Heaven, even His own precious body and blood, for His flesh is meat indeed and Hi blood is drink indeed; and He promises to raise up on the last day all who heed the

invitation to His royal supper.

What is this? My son, that is the pool of Siloe of the new dispensation, where men go confessing their sins and are washed white as the driven snow in the blood of the Saviour. "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." Our merciful Saviour has graciously committed to men the power to pardon sin, in His Name upon condition of confession, sorrow and purpose of amendment of life. Of God's merdes the sacrament of Confession is the most generous. How many who lie over yonder hillside owe their salvation to the mercy of God in confession! How many live in holy hope of God's final mercy through the merits of their Saviour applied to their sinful souls in the

saving waters of grace, let loose upon their souls by the words of absolution! Thy sins are forgiven, go sin no more, the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, and He has bequeathed this power to His church to be committed to men to destroy sin and implant virtue in poor erring souls.

What are these? My son, these are the images of the saints, God's heroes and heroines, who have triumphed in the conflict with the forces of evil. They surround their Divine Master in glory and it is fitting that, in image, they should look down upon Him in His Eucharistic life in the tabernacle. They have been glorified by Him, for Whom alone they lived. He first honoured them, so it is meet that His faithful

children on earth, should in reverence for His saints, as in all else, follow His holy example. Mary, His Mother, Peter, who loved Him more than all; Paul who laboured more abundantly than all; John, who leaned on His bosom; James, the first apostle to shed his blood for Him; Matthew, Mark and Luke who wrote His gospel; Francis Xavier, who converted millions in the Indies. Let those be honoured, whom the King desires to honour. Their images recall theirl holy lives; their example inspires us with confidence and hope, and their influence with God intercedes for sinners and helps to obtain mercy and pardon and peace.

What is this? Finally, my son, behold yonder pulpit. For fifty years the

voice that has issued from it has proclaimed the words of life. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be added unto you." There is something more to be sought than that which nourishes the body and satisfies the cravings of mankind. There is a kingdom higher than the powers of earth to which all worldly powers must be subjected. The definition of what religion is, Christ expresses in precise terms: It is God and His kingdom first and above all, and whatever runs counter to these — be it earthly grandeur, or humane solace, or bodily comfort — is excluded from the true conception of religion. He allowed no chance for misunderstanding by the insistence with which He went through the list of things which are dear to

life, brushing them aside as so much dross, where the kingdom of God was at stake. Our Divine Master assures us that, unless we are willing to lose our lives for His sake, we are lost indeed.

"Fear not them that kill the body, but rather fear Him who is able to destroy both body and soul into hell."

The esteem of mankind forsooth: "Blessed are ye when man shall hate ye for My sake; What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?" This is the spirit of His heavenly message, for whatever other messages fell from His sacred lips were mere directions to guide mankind in the search for His kingdom on earth.

This is the principle on which depends spirit and life.

Injustice has often triumphed and will again; this is earth and not heaven and Christ never promised an earthly reward for man's labors.

If His divine principles were adopted and put into practice in daily life, injustice would disappear; but they hever have been, and never will be, approved by the cupidity and tyranny of the passions of men.

But the very injustice under which the majority of men must live, patiently borne, becomes in the mercy of God, the happy means by which the poor and downtrodden surely advance towards paradise.

"Blessed are ye when they shall revile ye; blessed are they that mourn; blessed are the poor in spirit; blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake; be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven."

Prosperity in this world is very far from being an admission ticket to the kingdom of heaven. The old spirit used the forces of the world to battle against the assumption of religion; the prosperous materialist of today uses religion to gain a tighter grasp on these forces. Religion is prostituted to an unholy service. Question the common men of the world on their idea of an acceptable religion and you will discover they weigh the value of any religion in the balance of earthly usefulness. How profitable is it? they ask bluntly. What relief does it afford to the needy? Has it institutions to shelter the ailing and the forsaken? What opportunity does it afford for mental improvement? In a word they have reduced religion to the low terms of material advantage. It is

this debasement of religion that rests at the foundations of the social evils we deplore. If worship of God is but a path to bodily or mental improvement; if faith is only a ladder to climb to a higher plane of social prominence; if church membership is only an easy arrangement to secure temporal advantages; it is reasonable to consider religion of secondary importance, whose commandments when helpful are to be obyed, and when opposed to earthly progress to be utterly disregarded. You will find, my son, that his is the corrupted idea the world at large entertains of the word religion. Is it any marvel then that men have abandonned the old idea of religion, whose primary purpose is to worship God after the method He has appointed, to promote supernatural living and to save

the souls and not the bodies of men?

The Jews sought worldly advantage for their nation and people, and personal profit from the advent of the Messiah; and when He had nothing to offer that their avarice and ambition craved, terrible as the implication may be for multitudes of men of this day, they rejected Him and preferred to cling stubbornly to what brought eternal reprobation, rather than humbly accept the saving redmedy proffered by the Saviour.

If mankind could be brought to the state of accepting His plan, as preached from yonder pulpit, of first seeking the kingdom of God before all worldly advantage, the ills of mankind and the hostilities which lead into hostile camps,

the misunderstandings which breed everlasting discord, would cease and our problem would be at an end. There may be methods and arrangements that bring momentary relief but they are only postponements of the difficulty unless the principles of Christ, His plan, eternal life, the kingdom of God first, be laid at the foundation of all plans of alleviation.

The mission of the Church is to preach this doctrine; the Church of Christ is a divine institution whose passage across the earth, like a luminous planet, marks the pathway to temporal and eternal peace. The Church does indirectly promote the welfare of nations, but it does this by sanctifying the individuals that compose a community. Its mission is to deal

with units; its duty, to save souls one by one. Christ did not found the Church to be an architect of empires, or a builder of states. Its kingdom is the kingdom of God; its work, the restoration of all things in Christ; its duty primarily, the saving of immortal souls and the alleviation of human misery and social injustice, not as an end in itself, but as a means to be used in the great business of eternal salvation. Her eye is single; she seeks the footprint of her Master; she cannot be tempted into any byway however bedecked with fair flowers of promise; she has lived long, and her experience has tested every scheme for human betterment and discovered that there is no foundation stone for the alleviation of

human misery and ills but the kingdom of God first, and all other things after. This is the saving doctrine, my son, taught for fifty years from the pulpit of old St. Mary's.

St. Mary's, Owen Sound, has been the fruitful mother of churches: St. Andrew's, Cape Croker; St. John's, Dundalk; St. Lawrence, Melancthon; St. Patrick's, Shelburne; St. Joseph's, Markdale; St. John's, Glenelg; St. Philip's, Durham; St. Stanislaus, Chatsworth; St. Paul's, Dornoch; St. Michael's, The Block; St. Vincent's, Meaford; St. Mary's, Hepworth; St. Francis of Assisi, Thornbury; St. Thomas, Wiarton.

Old St. Mary's has been served by good men and true priests. Some of these are

present at this celebration; but many have long gone to rest. To mention those whose names I can recall: Fathers Cushing, Mungovan, Sullivan, Buckley, O'Donohue, Walsh, Brennan, Sharpe.

But there is one whose name deserves special mention, who left his home in fair France, and lived for more than half a century and died among you. So well he loved the people of Owen Sound, that even in death he would not be separated from them, and his remains await the awakening trumpet in St. Mary's Cemetery. His ashes mingle with your holy dead. To him is due the honour of having erected this church, which is the centre of our celebration today. You know whom I mean: familiarly, "The Old Man, Father Granottier".

Your pastors, then, did well when they planned the celebration of the glorious jubilee of old St. Mary's.

It revives many thoughts in the breasts of the old men and women of the County of Grey. For the young it will be cherished as a pleasant memory. It awakens many notes of sadness and many of gladness, but its sorrows are in touch with eternity so that they have long been turned into notes of joy.

Come, therefore, and let us sing the praise of the Lord with joy. Let us joyfully sing to our Saviour, the Son of Mary. Let us come into His presence with thanksgiving and make a joyful noise. Sing ye to the Lord a new canticle and show forth His glory from day to day. Praise and beauty are before

Him; holiness and beauty in His sanctuary.

Bring up sacrifices and come into His holy place, for He hath shown mercy to His people. Blessed be the Lord forever more.

(Transcribed from Golden Jubilee, St. Mary of the Assumption Church, Owen Sound, Ontario, 1871-1921, p. 67-75. This souvenir book was compiled by Father A.E. Hurley at the request of the pastor, Father Thomas Roach.)

May 18, 1932

My dear brethren:

It may be that I cannot tell you anything that would add to your knowledge and respect for Father Roche as an exemplary, faithful, hardworking, self-sacrificing, pious, devout priest. You have known him for a number of years and have grown to love him. It could not be otherwise. He has been engaged in almost every form of activity that lies open to a priest of the Church and he has worked in many widely separated centres, and wherever he has worked it has always been the same. Everyone admired, respected and loved him for the many fine qualities of his heart and mind and for his tireless zeal in saving souls.

I was a young master at St. Michael's when he left for Texas in 1899. We all

looked upon him, students and masters, as one of higher clay than ours. He was our model — no one could compare with him. At that time he stood out among young Basilians as no young Basilian priest has ever stood out since that time. When he went to Texas to found St. Thomas College in Houston he left a hole in our ranks that was never filled. I am inclined to think that we then suffered a loss from which we never recovered.

He began St. Thomas College, and in a year or two built the new building that still remains a monument to him. He was known there far and wide as the great preacher of that part of the country. After an absence of twenty-five years his memory is still green

in the hearts of those who knew him in Texas. His lovable dispostion, his eloquence, zeal and piety, made such an impression that St. Thomas College was always Father Roche's School. The Basilians in Houston and in other Houses in Texas looked towards Father Roche as their father and adviser. They carried all their troubles to him. He settled all their difficulties. His word was law with them.

After eight years of extremly hard work down there he came to St. Michael's College as Superior, and it is from that year that dates the complete change in St. Michael's. It was then that the College entered actively into university work, culminating in its becoming a Federated Arts College of the University

of Toronto in 1910. The reputation of St. Michael's as an Arts College in the University of Toronto has grown and grown until it is known today everywhere in the English-speaking Catholic world. The foundations of its present structure were laid during the years when Father Roche was Superior, from 1907-1910.

Until he came back we did not know what work meant. I do not mean that he worked us hard. He worked hard himself. He worked without intermission from 5:30 in the morning until twelve, one and two at night. We could not understand how a human constitution could stand what he endured day after day, week after week, and month after month. In addition to all the administration work devolving

upon him as Superior of the College he was deluged with all sorts of calls for preaching special sermons, retreats to convents, confessions, and the direction of souls. I need not enlarge upon this side of his work. You are familiar with it. Nor have I time to outline even the rest of his work.

In 1910 he went to Chatham, New Brunswick, and opened the new St. Thomas College there which still flourishes in the strength and piety with which it was begun.

After three years there he was appointed Head of the Basilians in America, then Master of Novices, and then he came to Owen Sound.

For many years no one but himself has known what he has suffered. Years ago

he underwent a very serious operation and no one expected that he would live. He never did recover from the operation. The wound really never healed and it caused him untold inconvenience and suffering. An ordinary man could not have continued in his work. Father Roche never let up.

Five years ago his heart was so bad that the best doctors in Toronto gave him only a few months to live. He was in the infirmary at St. Michael's for several weeks and someone had to remain with him at night for fear he might die in the night. It was while he was in this condition that he threw himself upon the protection of the Blessed Virgin, went down to the station, and took the train to Owen Sound. All who

knew him looked upon it as evident a miracle as they had ever witnessed.

More than any man I ever knew, Father Roche possessed the power of winning and holding love. Dozens of men occur to my mind of all ages and in all parts of America who looked upon Father Roche as the one man in the world to whom they loved to go for comfort, consolation, and advice. No matter how old or how young they were they talked to him as children to their mother.

You people of Owen Sound would dearly love to keep him with you. I do not wonder, but you in your part must not wonder or feel disappointed or annoyed or even angry that we are taking him away from you. You know the kind of man he was. You cannot wonder that

others have loved him as you love him. He spent a few years with you. He lived most of his life in Toronto or the neighborhood of Toronto. There are so many in Toronto that love him and would feel the loss were his remains resting far away. We Basilians do not think that we have anyone now living so good and holy as Father Roche was. We feel that he was a saint. His body would bring a blessing upon your parish. I hope you will forgive us for wanting to have that blessing for ourselves.

To those of you who knew him in an intimate personal way and loved him dearly and to those of his own flesh and blood, what can I say? Shall I tell them to dry their tears, for he is better off? I can give them much comfort and show

them at the same time how to fit their grief for their loss with the confident faith and hope that God will be merciful to him and receive him into His everlasting kingdom.

St. Bernard lived in the eleventh century and was the greatest man in Europe in his day. He founded the Cistercians, the most austere Order in the Church at the time. There never was a saint who was more strict with himself or more insistent on strictness of life in the religious under him. He had a brother in the same Order who died. St. Bernard officiated at his death and burial without shedding a tear or showing any emotion. At the time he was giving a course of sermons on a set subject to the monks. He continued the sermons

for a day or two and then one day, after preaching for a little while, he stopped and broke into a cry of grief and gave from his heart what can well serve as a model for all faithful Catholics. I am going to read it for you:

And now I must conclude. You will soon part with him and never see him any more. He was a holy man. St. Augustine, the great doctor whose influence almost entirely dominated the Church for eight hundred years, and still lives on strong and vigorous, had a saint for his mother, St. Monica. He knew she was a saint. They used to talk to each other of God. Her son knew that God had favoured her with graces far beyond the ordinary. He was a great mind, a great theologian, and he knew her holiness and piety. What

did he think of her state after she died? He knelt in prayer and this is in part what he said.

Learn this lesson from St. Augustine. Take him as your model. Father Roche has gone to face eternity. We look upon him as a saint. We must also look on him as St. Augustine looked upon his mother and never cease praying with anxious hearts that God may have mercy on his soul.

(Transcribed from The Thurible, the Year Book of St. Michael's College, 1933, Vol. 24, p. 11, 130, 132. The editor did not print the quotations from St. Bernard and St. Augustine referred to by Father Carr. This sermon was preached in St. Mary's Church, Owen Sound. There was a second funeral from St. Basil's Church, Toronto.)

May 12, 1930

My Lord Archbishop, Right Reverend and Reverend Clergy, and My Dear Brethren:

I feel I owe it you to offer a word in explanation of my presence here this morning. It is, as you all know, an occasion that calls for the very best of what the Basilians are capable. Indeed it demands that they seek the best whether it be within their own ranks or among their friends. Those of you who know me are aware that I am under no illusions as to my gift of oratory. The preacher who would fittingly stand here today would have to be an orator of the first rank, and would, at the same time, have to know well the subject of his discourse. It has not proved an easy matter to find these two qualific-

ations combined in one man. As we considered that a knowledge of the man whom we are burying today was most essential for this sermon, I must ask you to accept this as my explanation.

Many men, outside his own Basilian family, in all sorts of walks and conditions of life, have known and admired Father Forster, and would feel competent and would be willing to speak of him. Their statements woudl be true, but they could not give all the truth. No one who did not live with him in the privacy of religious life could paint anything but a partial picture. And it is not even every Basilian who has sufficient knowledge. A man must have known him for long years and with ample opportunities for adverse views. He and I were teach-

ing together in St. Michael's as young men. I had been teaching here for a year or two when he came. He had taught previously in Assumption College. We had the intimate association of close personal friendship spread over many years. He was my religious superior for a long period. I was for some years a member of the General Council of the Basilians, over which he presided. If I fail to do justice to him, it should not be from lack of knowledge.

Father Forster was born on a farm near Simcoe, Ontario, one of twenty-one children. He attended Simcoe High School for a year or so, and went as a boarder to Assumption College. He completed the full course there of classics and philosophy, which would correspond to what

we now know as the full High School and College course. He continued on for one year more, teaching and studying theology. He then went to the Novitiate and remained in Toronto, studying and teaching at St. Michael's. His ordination took place in this church in 1901. Two years later his superiors sent him as head of St. Basil's College to Waco, Texas. Here were laid the foundations of his executive and administrative powers. The college was new, the people, the whole environment was new. This made it possible, even necessary, to break forth from traditional habits of thought. In 1907 he became Superior of Assumption College; in 1916 Provincial of the Basilians in America. At that time the Basilians in France and America formed one religious congregation. This was divided into two provinces, and the

head of a province is called a Provincial. From 1916 until 1919 Father Forster filled the office of Provincial and continued as Superior of Assumption. In 1919 he gave up the latter office and came to Toronto, where he has since resided. In 1922 the Basilians in America were erected into a separate religious congregation. Father Forster was elected Superior General for the regular term of six years. At the expiration of that term in 1928 he was re-elected for a second term.

It is not easy to describe any man. It is much more difficult to catch and reproduce the manifold complexities of an exceptional man. That he was exceptional, the brief recital of his life just given sufficiently attests. From his

second year in the priesthood he was never a simple member in the ranks. The Basilians today are a different organization from what they were a quarter of a century ago. And they bear the impress of the man whom we today honour, reverence and pray for. He sacrificed his life for the Order, all the waking hours of the day, seven days a week, and fifty-two weeks in the year. I cannot recall that he ever took a holiday. He made us what we are. I do not say he did not receive help and co-operation from his colleagues. He did. But the initiative was his.

Our constitution calls fro a very democratic system of government. The powers of the Superior General are quite limited. The administrative power rests largely in the General Council. And in the

General Council the members all stand on an equal footing. Father Forster scrupulously respected this. There was the utmost liberty of discussion. Generally, such was the confidence in which he was held it was sufficient that he make a proposal. Sometimes disagreements occurred, and more rarely decided divergencies of opinion on action or policy. Father Forster always had the matter in discussion thought our from every angle and thoroughly mastered. He welcomed criticism and respected opposition, even when he did not finally win it over. He always formed an opinion, attained a conviction on the point at issue, and fought for it through thick and thin. There was on his part never any personal animus. He expected the same from others and always received it. But such occa-

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sions were, as I have said, rare. Such was his profound study and grasp of a situation, his power in argument and the strength of his personality that he could always carry the majority of his council with him. I do not know if there was an exception to this.

The Basilians originated in France. As the Canadian foundation grew in numbers and importance racial and national influences, as they always do, began to appear. The men of this country oftentimes felt their work retarded and handicapped by the failure of their superiors across the ater to understand the conditions and people over here. The latter on their part, appeared to think that men bred in the Protestant atmosphere of the English-speaking world lacked

something of the spirit of true Catholicity. Perhaps they were both right. At any rate the lack of understanding did exist and manifested itself oftener than was good for the people concerned. And both sides were led by honest, faithful, pious men. In 1921 the men in France suggested that we take over entirely the conduct of our own affairs without breaking the old ties of fraternal love and spiritual help. Father Forster called a general meeting of the leading members and they accepted this suggestion. Needless to say, this was one of the most important, even vital, events in our history. As far as can be discerned, God has blest us and prospered our work. Father Forster was not solely responsible. The difficulties referred to existed even before his day.

But for many years he took a leading part, and he was at the head and guided us and conducted the negogiations to an issue that satisfied everybody. There were not two other men in the Community who could have accomplished the immense task of solving the financial problems involved.

If one were asked the one dominating motive of his life which all others subserved, I should say that at least for the last fifteen years it has been an absorbing passion to have everything in the Order carried out in strictes conformity with the wishes of the Church. This motive was behind the establishment of the Scholasticate on St. Mary's Street. Few men anywhere were deeper students than he in the Canon Law of the Church.

It colors all his dealings with his men in colleges and parishes.

Fifteen years ago his searches in Canon Law led him to the view that the vow of poverty as worded, understood and practiced by Basilians did not conform with the new code of Canon Law promulgated by Pius X. Further study strengthened this opinion into a deep conviction. It was the great crisis of his whole life. The others had not studied the question, and were satisfied with things as they were. It had to be changed or he could not continue as head. He was alone. It took him some years before he could even interest any considerable number. Finally the stage was set where the question had to be settled by the whole Community. And it was no mere

majority vote. The change was so drastic that Rome would not compel anyone to adopt it. Every man was free to take it or leave it. That day was the most trying in his life. With few exceptions they all rallied behind him.

No one will ever know the work and energy he expended on the constitution, that is the laws and regulations of the Community. And the reason was the same. He could not rest while there was anything in it not in strict agreement with the requirements of the laws of the Church.

His teachers always looked on him as one of the ablest students who ever attended Assumption College. He was always outstanding in any company whatever. His varied interests in all sorts of departments, his powers of observation, memory

of details and power of judgment formed a combination which I never found united in anything like the same degree in any other man. He could talk farm talk and pass for an expert farmer, nay, more than an expert. He was familiar with conditions, prices, practices, etc., in many different countries. In any branch of the building trade he was just as much at home. In commerce, politics, social conditions, it was the same. In literature he had the fine taste of an intellectual man. He had thought philosophy and he knew his theology well.

He was a man of far and broad vision. The immediate present was of interest to him only in so far as it was going to fit into the future. His eyes were always fixed ahead. At any time he was

ready to break with the past, even with some cherished project of his own if changed conditions or his own changed view demanded it. He was heart and soul with all the different changes at St. Michael's, culminating in the foundation of the Institute of Mediaeval Studies. He fathered the federation of Assumption College with the University of Western Ontario. We have another example in his belief that in the future teaching Orders of men would change their relations with the Bishops and the Catholic public. He thought the increasing cost of education combined with other factors would preclude teaching Orders from assuming the responsibility of supplying High School and College education. They would supply the men and the Bishop would look after everything else.

I have tried, to the best of my ability, to present to you Father Forster and his life and work as I knew them. I don't know whether any of you think that some of the things I have said may be perhaps somewhat exaggerated, that the emotions arising from this sad duty of ours may account for seeing a man in a glory that is not altogether his own. If there be any such, I ask them to accept my word for it, that everything I have said, every sentence, every expression, every word, has been deliberately chosen in the privacy of my own room. If further confirmation is needed, I will tell you a little incident which will, I think, convince you that I have given you the truth as every member of our little Community sees it.

In the summer of 1928 the leading members of the Community, as regulated by our Constitution, assembled in what we call a Chapter for the purpose of electing a Superior General. There were nineteen there, including Father Forster. The voting is by secret ballot. When the ballots were opened and counted there were eighteen votes for Father Forster, every vote excepting his own.

It is often remarked among us how the routine of houses goes on no matter who dies. It is a hard necessity but it is true. Men must eat and sleep and work, and even play. Sometimes it is said that no man is indispensable. Some seem indispensable, but when they go another fills the place and things go on as before. This last is not true. It is

true of average men. It is not true of great men. We have no one who can carry on Father Forster's work. I do not see how his successor is going to face the responsibility of maintaining the present high standard in the departments I have touched on.

Those of his own flesh and blood I do not ask to refrain from their grief. He was one of a family of twenty-one children. No children can love each other like the children in large families. The gospel of this Mass this morning tells us the story of the grief of the sisters of Lazarus, yes, and the grief of Our Blessed Lord Himself — Jesus wept. And those present said, "How He loved him." When Our Blessed Lord burst into tears from love of Lazarus,

we ill not find fault with your tears. Our hearts go out to you in your great sorrow.

And now we must part with him. He stopped short of his full activity. What happened in the cold darkness of that November night se shall never know. We thank God and His Blessed Mother that we are granted the privilege of tendering him these last ministrations. I think it is not necessary to ask for your prayers. I told you that I did not think he ever did any wrong. He had a very heavy responsibility. He had the care of all the members of the Community, and indirectly of all the souls depending on them. Pray for him that God in His Infinite Mercy may forgive him for any sin, or punishment to which

he may be subject. Pray for him not now only, but tomorrow and often, particularly in your Holy Communion. It is for this we belong to the Communion of Saints. We can help out each other.

Let us all join then, in this last blessing, the blessing of the Church, that God may have mercy on his soul.

(Transcribed from The Year Book of St. Michael's College, Vol. 22 (1931) p. 15-16, 133, 137, 148, 149. Father Forster was drowned at Montreal on November 11, 1929, but his body was not recovered until May, 1930.)

June 14, 1950

We read in the eighth chapter of the Book of Job these words: "Inquire of the former generation and search diligently into the memory of the fathers... and they shall teach thee, they shall speak to thee, and utter words out of theirs hearts." (Job. 8; 8, 10)

Your Eminence, Your Excellency, Right Reverend Monsignors, Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers, Reverend Sisters, Friends of the Basilian Community.

This morning we have assembled here in historic St. Basil's Church to celebrate with more than ordinary solemnity the feast of its Titular, the Patron of the Priests who serve it, because this Holy Year of 1950 marks the centenary of the coming of the first Basilian to Toronto. One hundred years completed, we pause to inquire of the former generation, to search diligently into the memory of our fathers; that they may teach us, that

they may speak to us, and that we may listen to the words they utter out of their hearts.

The story of the coming is simply told. In 1834 a young exile from Ireland, Patrick Moloney from County Clare, began his studies for the priesthood with the Basilians at Annonay, France. After his ordination he served his native Diocese of Killaloe for two years, then in 1844 he returned to France to join his former teachers in the work of the Christian education of youth.

Meanwhile an earlier pupil of Annonay, Armand François Marie comte de Charbonnel, had been ordained priest, had become a Sulpician, and urged by the love of the Missions that dominated every one of his sixty-five years in the priesthood, had

left France to bring the consolations of Religion to the Irish immigrants in Montreal. During 1847 he fell victim to the same typhus epidemic that carried off the Founder of Your Eminence's See, the Most Reverend Michael Power. For a time Father Charbonnel's life was despaired of, then he rallied. He was not permitted to take up his work in Montreal immediately, instead he was sent to France to recuperate. Three years later he was named second Bishop of Toronto. His humility made him shrink from this high office. Already he had overcome the importunities of more than a dozen Bishops, both in France and in America, who had wanted him as their Auxiliary or Coadjutor. He set out for Rome, to ask to be excused from accepting the burden, but he reckoned without Pope Pius IX. On

Trinity Sunday, May 26, 1850, in the Sistine Chapel he received episcopal consecration from the Holy Father himself. A few days later he quitted Rome to make his farewells in France and to seek help for his missionary diocese.

At Annonay he visited his former teachers and of them he asked the services of Father Moloney. The Congregation of St. Basil at this time scarce numbered twenty-five priests. To part with even one would not be easy, and the loss of what was a rarity in that section of France, an English-speaking English teacher, would be indeed great. But so well did the new Bishop make his plea, "The harvest is great, the labourers few", that his request was granted.

Early in August Father Moloney set out

from Annonay for a brief visit to Ireland. To say goodbye to his relatives he allowed himself eight days, then on August 20th he embarked on the American steamship WASHINGTON at Southampton. Bishop Charbonnel had come aboard at Le Havre. In the morning of September 5th the ship docked at New York. Here they stayed a few days while the Bishop attended to some business and Father Moloney visited his sisters who had emigrated to the United States some time previously.

From New York they proceeded up the Hudson River and across Lake Champlain to Montreal. In this city Bishop Charbonnel was given a tremendous welcome. While His Excellency renewed old acquaintances, Father Moloney prepared himself for the work that lay ahead by a retreat at the

Grand Seminary. Two more days of boat travel brought the little party to Toronto. At seven o'clock on the morning of Saturday, September 21st, they came in sight of Toronto. Immediately Bishop Charbonnel gathered his group about him on the bridge of the ship and led them in the recitation of the Litany of the Saints and the Salve Regina. Saturday and Sunday were given over to the ceremonies connected with the installation of the second Bishop of Toronto. Then the Coadjutor Bishop of Montreal, Monseigneur Jean Charles Prince, returned home and the new Bishop was left to his work.

Father Moloney had come to Toronto with vague duties. He was not sent to open a school; nor to teach in an existing school

for there was not Catholic institution for higher education. No parish had been assigned to him, no mission field opened up before him. He had come solely to help Bishop Charbonnel, in whatever capacity the Bishop wanted to use him. Because the priests on the Cathedral staff were missionaries from the Province of Quebec or from France, and the congregation was made up largely of Irish immigrants, Father Moloney was soon a regular preacher at the Cathedral and a much-sought confessor. He was also appointed chaplain for the Catholic troops in the Garrison. Within six weeks of his arrival he was also teaching. Bishop Charbonnel had plans for higher education and promises of assistance, but he did not like waiting in idleness until they could be realized. He asked Father

Moloney to form and teach a class composed of boys who gave promise of one day becoming priests.

Disappointment came soon into the episcopal life of Bishop Charbonnel. Communities on whom he counted found themselves with few men to spare, and these were sent to other Bishops to whom they were under obligation. Once more he called upon that bond which exists between a teacher and his former students and from the Basilians at Annonay he asked for specific help, priests to found a school. In 1852 came the answer to his appeal; two priests and two scholastics. At their head was Father Jean Mathieu Soulerin. His coming was an agreeable surprise to both the Bishop and Father Moloney. Father Soulerin was looked upon as the next Superior General and they did

not expect him to leave France. His coming delayed his election to that office for a few years.

Father Soulerin was what is called a practical man. Bishop Charbonnel had in mind a Little Seminary, a type of school that he had known in France, which would prepare boys for entrance to the Seminary. Within six months Father Soulerin came to the conclusion that such a school did not meet the needs of Toronto and he persuaded the Bishop to enlarge the scope of the school. After a trial of three years he was convinced that St. Michael's College would be successful and he proceeded to find a permanent home for it. It was not by accident that he fixed upon this site at Clover Hill. He wanted to affiliate the College with the University. In this he was ahead of the times

and he met with refual on the part of the University. However, to make it eventually possible he obtained, and as a gift of the Hon. John Elmsley, the nucleus of the site it occupies today. Upon it he built well, buildings that are in use today, the central part of this church and the main wing of the College.

Once Father Soulerin had the College established in a building of its own, he made plans for its future. Bishop Charbonnel wanted native priests for his Diocese. Father Soulerin saw that the College could not depend on priests from France alone; it, too, must have native vocations. If it was the work of God, then the Lord of the harvest would send labourers. In 1856 he opened a Novitiate.

Ties of friendship had brought the Basilians to Toronto; new ties of friendship led to the first mission from this Mother House at St. Michael's. In 1863 Father Soulerin agreed to take for his close friend, Bishop John Farrell of Hamilton, the parish and missions of St. Mary's of the Assumption, Owen Sound. In 1870 a friendship that had begun with a city pastor, later named Bishop of London, brought the Basilians to the other suffragan See of Toronto when they were given charge of the Parish and College of the Assumption at Windsor. Not all new foundations proved successful. It was not until 1886 that the first foundation still to endure was made in the United States when the Congregation took charge of Ste. Anne de Detroit.

This year four Houses in Texas are observing the Golden Jubilee of the arrival of the Community in that State. This centennial year will see work begun on a new foundation, Saint John Fisher College, Rochester, New York; the opening of a new St. Michael's College School on St. Clair Avenue West; and this afternoon the blessing of the site of the new St. Basil's Seminary. When it is opened next year, it will be the first time that the young members of the Congregation of St. Basil will have in Canada for their home, a building planned and built for their needs.

Merely to records the facts of history serves little useful purpose; they are to be pondered over. We are not exhorted to chronicle but to inquire of former generations; and as we search diligently into the memory of the fathers we find

our forefathers clearly teaching one lessons: that the Congegation of St. Basil was not founded to put in practice a particular system of education; that it is not consecrated to the propagation of one special devotion; that its work lies in helping the Bishop of the Diocese in which they are working according to his needs.

In the ordination of priests, after the Rector of the Seminary has given witness to the fitness of the candidates, and after the people have given their consent to the ordination, the Bishop addresses to the ordinandi the beuatiful admonition whose opening words are, "Consecrandi, filii dilectissimi, in Presbyteratus officium". In it he recalls how, "The Lord said to Moses: Gather unto Me seventy

men of the ancients of Israel, whom thou knowest to be ancients and masters of the people; and thou shalt bring them to the door of the tabernacle of the covenant, and shalt make them stand with thee that I may come down and speak with you: and I will take of thy spirit and will give to them that they may bear with thee the burden of the people, and thou mayest not be burthened alone." (Num. 11, 16-17) Continuing the Bishop reminds the ordinandi that Our Lord "appointed also seventy-two; and He sent them two and two before His face into every city and place whither He Himself was to come." (Luke 10, 1) Then he gravely admonishes the candidates: "Strive, therefore, to be such, that, by the grace of God, you may be worthily chosen as helpers of Moses and the Twelve Apostles, that is of the Catholic Bishops,

who are prefigured in Moses and the Apostles." It is this our forefathers ask of us, to be good priests, worthy to share the burdens of the Bishop.

The windows of this venerable church daily repeat this to us, depicting as they do the twelve apostles. And in the lower panels of each window you will find recorded the names of generous benefactors, priests of this and other dioceses who had been students at St. Michael's College.

On the occasion of the golden jubilee of St. Basil's Parish, the pastor and his committee noticed that this church contained no memorial to Father Soulerin, the founder of this parish and of this college. Therefore, they placed in the sanctuary, on the Superior's side, a stained glass window to his memory,

choosing for its subject St. John Baptist De La Salle whose sons were likewise brought to this Diocese by Bishop Charbonnel and with whom Father Soulerin and his successors have carried on the work of Christian education. To my knowledge this was the first, and may stillbe the only, stained glas window in a Toronto church to honour this saintly teacher. Its presence here is a reminder that Catholic teachers do not compete with one another, but rather that under the guidance and direction of the Bishop they complement and aid one another.

And now when His Eminence resumes this centennial Mass of thanksgiving let us join in spirit with Father Moloney and his successors who are now members of the Church Triumphant and they shall teach

us; they shall speak to us, and utter words out of their hearts.

(Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript)

May 1, 1957

"I live, now not I; but Christ liveth in me." (Gal. 2, 20)

The Galatians were a Nation in the Near East whom St. Paul had converted to Christianity, but after he had moved on to preach to others, this people began to listen to false teachers. In this Epistle the apostle recalls to them the doctrines he had taught them and he assures the Galatians that they are true because it was not Paul who spoke with them, but Christ. Twenty-nine years ago Father Hartmann and myself began our training for the priesthood. We were fresh from University and not without ideas as to what was needed in the Church. As we knelt before the Blessed Sacrament in the prayerful atmosphere of the novitiate

chapel, we told God that we wanted to do great things for Him. And then our novice master began to explain to us that we must take to heart the words of St. John the Baptist, "He must increase, but I must decrease", (John 3, 30) until we could say with St. Paul, "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." Perhaps you have often wondered just what was done in a Catholic Seminary? It is simply this, teaching young men to be as other Christs, training them to let Christ reproduce His earthly life in their priestly life.

Each Christmas day we celebrate the birth of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Our observance contrasts with the day that the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph left Nazareth to go up to Bethlehem to be enrolled. There was no sign of an event

that would change the very numbering of our years, only a few friendly greetings and the business of leaving their modest home in the care of a good neighbor. When Father Hartmann left his native city of Brantford to join Father Grant and myself in entering the Basilian Novitiate, his going passed unnoticed.

On Christmas day, when Our Lord was born into this world, His birth caused little excitement. A few shepherds came to adore Him, and later came the three wise men from the East. When Father Joseph Malbos was ordained in 1847 there was no inkling that within ten years he was to be a Founder of this University which observes its centennial this year. When Father Hartmann was ordained priest in the depression year of 1932, the world was too discouraged, too poor to be interested in the event which made him another Christ.

The flight into Egypt came soon after the birth of Our Lord. Father Hartmann, too, was called upon to leave the Province of his birth. Within a few months of his ordination he was named to the band of five priests who would form the first Basilian staff of St. Mary's Boys' High School in the City of Calgary. It was then the most distant House of the Basilian Fathers. Today God has blessed Father Hartmann's Community for the sacrifices made by each member of that band by giving it five Houses in Western Canada, one for each of those pioneers.

After the flight into Egypt the events of Our Lord's first years are sparsely recorded in Sacred Scripture until the opening of His Public Life. It was the same for Father Hartmann. To his first years in the priesthood we can but apply

the words St. Luke used for the child Jesus: "He advanced in wisdom, and age, and grace with God and men". (Luke 2,52)

To the Public Life of Our Lord correspond the mature and fruitful years of the priest. For Father Hartmann these began with his enlistment as a chaplain in the Royal Canadian Air Force. In his dignified bearing he was every inch an officer's ideal chaplain; in his ministry he was the kind and helpful padre respected and loved by all ranks. Suffice it to say that it was fitting that he who ministered to so many in time of sudden death, should himself be permitted to share in their sacrifice by being taken suddenly from our midst.

The last year of Our Lord's Public Life gives a fuller picture of His Sacred

Mission. So too, the return to civilian life brought new opportunities of service to Father Hartmann. First he prepared himself for them by further studies at the University of Detroit, and then he came to Assumption University of Windsor as professor of English, Dean of Men and Director of University Placement.

With death the comparison between the life of the priest and the life of Christ comes to a close. The death of Christ was of His own choosing and immediately after the moment of death His soul opened the gates of heaven to the just. It is the privilege of the priest to continue, in his priestly life, the life of Christ on earth, but at the moment of death all is changed. He is but a mortal man and death comes not of his own choosing.

Once the priest's soul leaves the body, it goes not to open the gates of Heaven, but to judgment. The supreme moment for Father Hartmann is not this Funeral Mass when we pay him a last tribute; his supreme moment came in the first minutes of Sunday morning when his soul departed from his body to give an account of his life. And yet in death he was much like Christ, almost bereft of friends and of spiritual comfort. There was not for him the prepared death that he had helped so many with. Those lips that had pronounced the words of consecration more than 8,000 times did not open to receive Holy Viaticum.

Not only is the life of Christ reproduced in the life of His priests, the life of those who walked with Him in Palestine is

paralleled in those who are associated with His priests. Some fifteen years ago Father Hartmann's mother stood by the open grave of her husband, and on that sad occasion her chief comfort was that her priest sone who had just sung the Funeral Mass would do the same for her one day. Today as we extend to her our heartfelt sympathy, let us recall that the Mother of Christ also outlived her Divine Son.

There this particular comparison with family must cease, for in the life of Christ there is no parallel for Father Hartmann's brother and his two sisters. This morning as we share in their sorrow, we can but repeat to them the words of the angel at the empty tomb to Mary Magdalen: "He goeth before you into

Gallilee; there you shall see Him."
(Mark 16, 7)

The gospel for the Mass of Easter Monday tells the story of the two disciples on the road to Emmaus who felt that after Good Friday Our Lord's Mission on earth had finished before His work had been accomplished. "We had hoped, that it was He that would have redeemed Israel." (Luke 24, 21) In this its centennial year, Assumption University of Windsor stands on the threshold of a vast expansion and in the work out of that plan it had counted heavily upon Father Hartmann as Dean of Men. Grieving colleagues in the University lament his loss and ponder over the unfinished work for which they would like to have had the benefit of his leadership and counsel. Saddened

students of Assumption miss him as an inspiring teacher and as one who interested himself in their future as Director of Placement. To the messages of sympathy offered to the staff and students of this University, I join the words of Our Lord to His disciples, "It is expedient to you that I go." (John 16, 7) There is something of the doubting Thomas in all of us. We want to see before we believe. That is not God's way for us. In all that concerns His priests, He exacts full, Christian belief. It is not given to us to understand the ways of God, particularly when life is cut short as the best years are opening up; but to Father Hartmann's University I give the assurance that their sacrifice will bring a fruit not less great than

that which his pioneer work in Calgary brought to his Community.

Soon our tribute in this venerable church, no longer new when the Diocese of London was established, will be over. Soon Bishop Cody will stand in a spot where Bishop Pinsonneault stood to read the last absolution. Then we will bear Father Hartmann's casket down the aisle and through the door beneath the tower built by Father Denis O'Connor, past trees planted by Father Michael Ferguson, past the original buildings where Fathers Forster, Pickett, Howard and Basilians of earlier generations lived and taught, to the cemetery of this historic parish. There as we committ to shallow earth the body from which Father Hartmann's soul has fled, pray you for him, that his

faults being forgiven, and the last traces of human defect being removed, he may be able to say with all the priests in heaven, "I live now not I, but Christ liveth in me."

(Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript. Bishop Cody was taken ill during the Mass and left the church before the absolution which was given Father G.B. Flahiff, Superior General)